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THE

HUMOURS OF EUTOPIA:

A TALE

OF

COLONIAL TIMES.

BY AN EUTOPIAN.

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.

VIRGIL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:

CAREY, LEA & CAREY—CHESNUT STREET.

1828.

AL 3215.3.23

By exchange

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of December, in the fifty-second year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, Carey, Lea & Carey of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

"The Humours of Eutopia: a Tale of Colonial Times. By an Eutopian.
Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.—Virgil."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

**SKERBETT—NINTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.**

THE HUMOURS OF EUTOPIA.

CHAPTER I.

White man court—court—may be one whole year!—may be two year before he marry! may be he then get very good wife—but may be not!—may be very cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he must keep him. White people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be he ever so cross! must keep him always! Well! how does Indian do?—Indian, when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to him, place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—look squaw in the face—see him smile—which is all one he say, yes! so he take him home—no danger he be cross! no! no! Squaw know too well what Indian do if he cross!—throw him away and take another! Squaw love to eat meat: no husband, no meat. Squaw do every thing to please husband: he do the same to please squaw:—live happy.

INDIAN SPEECH, AP. HECKEWELDER.

THE principal occurrence celebrated in the last chapter, caused a sudden change in the feelings and calculations of all parties—that is to say, of Homebred, Skenedo, Toxus, and perhaps even of Tassa. Upon Homebred the effect would naturally

be supposed to have been the most striking; and he might, one would think, have testified his joy at so unexpected a deliverance, by some decisive word, look, or gesture. Strange to relate!—it appeared to have no effect upon him at all. If the reader will excuse a strong mode of speech—he had already been dead for some time; and it was a long while ere he came fairly to life again. He had probably passed all the pangs of actual dissolution; and his feelings, on being restored to his senses and faculties, resembled those of the drowned man brought to life; who has little gratitude for the benevolent members of the Humane Society, for giving back to him—with so much labour on their part, and so much pain to himself—what Lord Byron calls “that bitter boon—existence.”

Nor was this the end of the captain's sufferings on the present occasion. He was now the women's prisoner. They accordingly rushed in; seized and unbound him; endued him plenteously with skins and furs; and led him off in triumph to a spot of cleared and smooth ground—where he underwent a second death, by being danced around and sung over, for nearly an hour. The squaws, old and young, formed a ring about him; and, with their toes turned inward, and their heads prone forward, gently paced around the circle, chanting their “native wood-notes wild,” and

occasionally elevating their shrill voices to a pitch of melody, rivalling that of the screech-owl.

Having inflicted this ceremony upon their captive, they conducted him, *comitante catered*, to Skenedo's house; and there, to his no small relief and comfort, permitted him to rest from his labours.

Skenedo and Tassa went in a different direction. The old chief was more seriously afflicted than any other, at the conduct of his daughter. His senses seemed to take flight:—he stood for a full minute in blank amazement; and was only restored, in some measure, to the compos state by the peal of triumph, with which his people proclaimed the heroism of the act. The first evidence of returning sense, was his feeling for his tobacco-pouch; which being found, he charged his urn of incense—keeping his eyes fixed upon Tassa—while another chief dexterously, and almost without the consciousness of Skenedo, imparted fire from the bowl of his own pipe, and set him most vigorously at work in his favourite “cloud-compelling” operation. After a few volumes had rolled about his venerable head, he made two or three long strides toward his daughter; gave her a signal to follow, and turned off into the woods.

Tassa followed. Sir Joshua Reynolds, if he were the first to make the remark, was undoubtedly right in saying, that the human foot is natu-

rally set straight forward; and that the toes are crooked outward by art and force. Indeed, one who has seen many Indians, would be inclined to think, that Nature meant the toes to turn inward; for such, more or less, is the position of almost all the feet of female Indians. This position of the feet, however, as well as the forward set of their heads, may be attributed to their habit of carrying burthens. These are borne upon their backs, and suspended by a strap around their foreheads; so that they must necessarily stoop forward to keep the line of gravity under their feet; and I believe it may be remarked of all animals, that, where a heavy weight is to be drawn or carried, an advantage is gained by turning the toes inward.—This is a piece of speculation, for which I am indebted to Dr. Leatherworm. But, be it as it may, Tassa's foot, to quote Lear, was "the thing itself;" its exterior extremities turning neither to the right, nor to the left. Another thing is worthy of remark in the walk of Indian women:—I mean the shortness of their steps. One of Skenedo's strides made almost three of Tassa's mincing paces; and her appearance, as she followed on behind her father, might be compared to that of a little wheel assiduously rolling after a large one.

Tassa being the only relation alive of his own blood, was all in all to Skenedo. She was the

jewel of his life; a jewel, to continue the allusion, which he always wore about him. She was now, as he thought, in danger of being torn from him; and his fears did not fail to suggest the most timely efforts to prevent so heart-rending a catastrophe. He well remembered the story of Powhatan and his daughter—the fidelity of Pocohontas, and the perfidy of Rolfe. He could not but draw the parallel between the two cases; and, though he was not willing to believe that the Eutopian prisoner would turn out a Rolfe, yet there was a piece of Indian wisdom which came into his head, and by which he as well as his whole race, was always actuated in the last resort—namely, “That no matter how good men or women may be, it is no harm to watch them.” Which is, being interpreted, that neither past character nor present conduct, can afford any infallible warrant for a man’s future life.

As soon, therefore, as he reached a secluded part of the wood, he seated himself upon the fallen trunk of an aged hemlock, and beckoning to Tassa to follow his example, commenced his business by asking—

“Who told you to do this, Tassa?” Tassa laid her hand upon her heart.

“Bad heart—very bad heart,” said Skenedo. “Then you are going to leave your old father alone, Tassa?”

"Tassa leave her father alone!" replied the daughter. "Tassa never—never: Tassa die first."

"Tassa likes the white man better than her father," continued Skenedo.

"Tassa don't—Tassa likes her father more than every body besides," said the child of nature.

"But you like the white man *some*?" interrogated the father.

"No—Tassa says—yes—some—little: but Tassa says she likes her father best."

"Ah! Tassa, you know not what you like, nor what you don't like, any more than this ground knows what grows upon it, and what don't grow upon it. Observe the acorn, Tassa. See how it drops upon the ground: well, we regard it not: we walk over it with our heads up: we don't know there is any acorn there: we tread it into the earth. Well it is nothing but an acorn: no trunk—no roots—no branches—no leaves yet: nothing but bitter meat in a hard shell. We neglect it: it sprouts—it grows—it spreads: the wild pigeon rests upon it: the dove makes her nest in its branches: a nation of Mingoes cannot pluck it up by the roots: the winds of an hundred winters may whistle through its branches: they shake only its leaves: they stir not its trunk: they start not its roots.—You understand me, Tassa?"

"No—Tassa does not," answered the daughter, who among her other simplicities, had that

of denying herself to understand a thing when she did not; and often cruelly nettled her father in this way, at the peril of being repeatedly denounced as stupid. But no denunciations had been able to drive out of her character this unpleasant quality—for unpleasant it must be, indeed, at the end of a fine rhetorical flourish, to be coolly told by the listener that it is not understood.

“Stupid?” exclaimed Skenedo. “Tassa must understand it: Tassa can’t help understanding it. Why, don’t your father plainly tell you, that, though you now like the white man only a little, that little will by and by grow to a great deal; just as the oak is nothing at first but a little hard seed, which soon takes root and becomes a large tree? Take heed, Tassa, how you let the acorn strike its roots: take heed, I say. Do you understand me now, Tassa?”

“Yes, father,” answered the forest maiden. “But how shall Tassa help it?”

“Do you see how I kick this acorn away, Tassa?” asked her father.

“Yes, father,” she replied. “But it falls on another part of the ground.”

“Then you must keep kicking it,” said Skenedo.

“Tassa will try,” she said, but was at the

same time fearfully impressed with an idea that she should never be able to obey the injunction.

"Tassa must try hard," rejoined the father. "For what shall Skenedo do without Tassa? Who will take care of him when he falls sick? Who will give him help when he grows old, and cannot help himself? Who—if Tassa leaves him?"

"Tassa will not leave him," said the pious daughter with increased emphasis; but whether it did not at the same time pass through her mind, that she might strictly perform this promise, and still be able to like the white man, and even become his squaw, I cannot undertake to say. Let it suffice that Skenedo was satisfied, or at least appeared so; for he broke off the consultation, without further dialogue, and returned to his dwelling.

Skenedo had more reasons than one for giving Tassa this lecture betimes. It is a law among the North American Indians, to which I believe no exception is ever allowed, that no white man shall live amongst them, unless he shall identify himself with the tribe by taking a wife. This law the old chief well knew would be speedily and vigorously enforced upon the Eutopian prisoner, and it was not altogether parental vanity, which suggested to him that his own daughter would, without doubt, be the white man's choice. There was one circumstance alone, laying all others out of

the question, which would determine his preference: Tassa was much whiter than the other Mingo women; and, a matter oftener considered than talked of, even among the whites—she was a paragon of cleanliness among a nation of savages. Indeed her superiority of colour was in some measure attributable to this homely virtue of cleanliness, which Skenedo had inculcated upon all his family, and caused to be rigorously practised from the beginning. It is an old remark, that Indian children, when first born, are nearly as white as the European, and it is with much probability supposed that their subsequent copper complexion is the effect of that dirt and smoke in which they so constantly live.

Another thing contributed to the solicitude of Skenedo in the present emergency. Toxus and Tassa had, to a certain age, grown up together. They roamed the woods in company when children. Toxus was always at hand to help Tassa across a cleft in the rocks, or to carry her over a stream of water, to climb the trees for birds nests, and to strip the wild bushes of their fruits. In this manner they had mingled their simple natures, and without knowing the fact themselves, they had become almost necessary to the existence of each other. Shakspear's lines with some mutilation, would not be inapplicable to their case:—

We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i'the sun
 And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
 Was innocence for innocence: we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
 That any did. Had we pursued that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answered Heav'n
 Boldly, NOT GUILTY.

Toxus had, also, performed a feat in the Mingo wars which gave him an additional title to the gratitude, at least, if not to the affections and the hand of Tassa. The latter had been taken prisoner by a hostile tribe of western Indians; and being the daughter of the Mingo chief of chiefs, they resolved to take revenge upon the nation through him, by burning his daughter alive. Toxus hung about the settlement of the hostile tribe—determined to risk his life for the safety of his youthful companion. Not caring that their victim should be too speedily released from suffering, the savages had constructed the pile, upon which she was to be consumed, of fresh pine and hemlock boughs; and these were heaped up and around in great quantities. Tassa was placed on the centre and bound to a stake; but she did not appear to realize her situation: there was no expression of concern in her countenance—nothing reigned there but the dumb innocence of the unconscious lamb, which is already under the steel of its pitiless butcher.

The fire was communicated. The boughs crackled fiercely ; but, at first, emitted more smoke than flame ; insomuch that the victim was almost instantly concealed from view. And at this instant Toxus rushed from a thicket near the spot ; and, the smoke being between himself and the hostile Indians, ascended the pile unseen. The vapour which proceeded from the green boughs, contained more steam than smoke ; so that it adhered, in some measure, to his garments ; and the first intimation which the other savages had, of this manœuvre, was from a column of smoke, which advanced rapidly from the pile, and presently turned into a tall human figure, bearing Tassa aloft in his arms.

“ A present Deity ! they shout around.”

That this being was ~~one~~ of the Great Spirits—the Evil or the Good—the astonished savages had no doubt ; and since his colour was not white, there was as little doubt that it could not be the Evil Spirit. Accordingly, no pursuit was attempted ; and Toxus carried his prize in triumph to the disconsolate old father. I scarcely need tell the reader, that Toxus in due time made a proposition to Tassa, with one finger laid by the side of the other—or in some other symbolical language equally significant. Tassa referred her deliverer and suitor to her father ; and her father, to the

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deep and lasting chagrin of the applicant, had always contrived to turn the subject aside. At first Toxus aimed at this alliance as a means of raising him into political consequence; but, meeting such a rebuff, he took the more noble resolution of making himself eminent as the means of securing the alliance. Poor Skenedo, therefore, was in the predicament of a wight operated upon by three powers acting in the direction of the three sides of a triangle. His own wishes and pretensions were pulling one way—those of Toxus, another—and those of Homebred, a third. To give his daughter to the white man, would make an implacable and persevering enemy of Toxus—to bestow her on the latter, would appear like rewarding the success with which his adopted son had undermined and overturned his predominance in the Mingo nation—in short, to part with her at all, was an idea scarcely to be endured: and yet the generous old man did resolve, that in case of dire necessity, and to save the white man's life, he would even incur the unquenchable displeasure of Toxus, by yielding his Tassa to the Eutopian—upon condition, that he should remain in his, Skenedo's, house, and become his son indeed.

In the mean time, the reader cannot but appreciate the direful condition in which Captain Homebred was placed. Compelled to be married—*no lens, volens*—at short notice—and to whom, and

where? To an Indian squaw, and in a tribe of savages, far distant from the spot, where he had hoped, after all, to lay his bones. In ruminating on his case the thought often occurred, that he had, in vain, been released from the stake of death, if he was now to be bound for life to a piece of Mingo flesh and blood. And his case was the more completely desperate, since he could not, as in the previous issue of life and death, expect any interposition on the part of the softer sex; that portion of the community having the deepest interest in the execution of this system of compulsory wedlock. We may, therefore, truly sigh with Spencer,

Ah me, how many perils do enfold,
The righteous man, &c.

Parodied, I am inclined to think, by Butler in the initial lines of his third Canto, Part I; which, that the reader may judge for himself, shall be the motto of our next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

Ah me! what perils do environ
 The man that meddles with cold iron!
 What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
 Do dog him still with afterclaps!

WE must now revert once more to Eutopia. *Modò me Thebis, et modò ponit Athenis*, says Horace of the genuine playwright; and he must be a sorry writer of history, who has not the same command over the mind of his reader.

"Well, Miss Shakspeare, are you at it again?" asked mother Blaxton, as she entered upon her daughter, who was enjoying a stolen hour of retirement in the bar-room. "Do you expect to spend your days over a parcel of nonsensical tragedies and comedies?"

"Why, mother, there is scarcely a tragedy or a comedy in the whole book," returned the daughter.

"What are they then, I should be glad to know," continued Mrs. Blaxton.

"Tragi-comedies—almost all of them," said Mary.

"No matter what you call them," rejoined the

mother. It is Shakspeare—Shakspeare—Shakspeare—nothing but Shakspeare with you, from year's end to year's end.

"Well, mother, where is the harm of reading Shakspeare, when one has nothing else to do?" asked the young lady.

"One has no business to do mischief, because one has nothing else to do, Mary Blaxton," answered her mother, with the emphatic air of an experienced moralist.

"But," said Mary, "that is the very question, mother—what mischief can it do?"

"Mischief enough, Miss Blaxton," said the other, "Isn't it some mischief to have one's brains turned upside down?"

"Undoubtedly it is, mother," answered Mary.

"Well, and isn't it some mischief," continued the mother, "to fill a body's head with all manner of nonsensical notions? Answer me that, Miss Blaxton."

"No question of it, mother," the daughter dutifully answered.

"Then," said Mrs. Blaxton, with the pride of a logician, about to clench his wonder-working syllogism; "then I want to know if it isn't some mischief to have a person's child completely spoiled in this way."

"It is as clear as day," said Mary. "But the question still is, mother, whether one's child is

spoiled, and whether one's child has been spoiled by reading Shakspeare?"

"Don't name the name," said Mrs. Blaxton, who perceiving that her Socratic argument was little better than a series of truisms, taking for granted the thing to be proved, was glad of any catch-word that would enable her to escape further discussion. "Don't name the name. I almost wish that either he or you had never been born. And he is not all: there are other English books that you read, and that have helped to turn your head."

"Well," said Mary, who, in the occasional exchanges of hot shot, which took place between herself and her mother, seldom showed any disposition to knock under; but rather to continue the skirmish. "Well, mother, though you have such a spite against English books, I hope you have no longer any objection to English *men*."

"Hussy! hold your tongue!" exclaimed her mother, touched upon the morbid chord of all her uneasiness. "I suppose the Van Vacuum fit is on you again, and I am to be tormented with another rhapsody about Lady Van Vacuum—and moving in the highest circles, and all that. I bid you hush."

"Now, mother," said the belligerent Mary, "this is rather hard. The man of your choice is no more. Produce another Homebred, and I promise he shall have my hand. But search the

broad world over, and you shall never find his like again. How unreasonable is it then to prevent me from taking the second best!"

"Second best!" exclaimed the mother. "Who is second best? Whom do you mean? Is it your Baron Van Vacuum? Do you dare to call him second to such a man as Captain Charles Homebred was? Look at the child. I don't believe it is my child. I can't believe myself capable of giving birth to a being that would let her head admit such—such—such notions," concluded the old lady, after in vain soliciting the aid of some forcible adjective to qualify the word *notions*.

"You know old Margery of the Pond, mother?" asked Mary.

"And what of old Margery of the Pond, pray?" was her mother's response.

"You know she can tell fortunes, mother?" continued Mary.

"Yes—and so can I," said her mother. "I can tell your fortune without looking into the palm of your hand—and that in short metre, if you want to hear it."

"After you have heard what Margery told me, mother," said the girl.

"Well now—what—what did mother Margery tell you?—come," rejoined the mother, really anxious to hear; and yet as anxious to convince Mary that she cared nothing about it.

"I asked her," said the latter, "what sort of a man I was to marry? She took her magic staff and drew a figure in the sand. As well as I could make it out, for Margery is no great limner, and had but a clumsy pencil, it was a man with a thin visage, and long old-fashioned beard. Now Mr. Van Vacuum's visage is thin enough in all conscience."

"And he has a most frightful long beard," said her mother in derision.

"Ah," returned Mary, "that can grow: time enough yet: I have perused his chin lately, and I am sure the down begins to make its appearance."

"Well, will you make your mother one promise, Mary?"

"Any reasonable promise, to be sure I will, mother."

"Will you promise then, that you will never marry Mr. Van Vacuum until he *gets* a long beard?"

"That I will, mother, if you will promise that I *may* marry him then."

"I shall do no such thing," said her mother. "I will not give my consent to the marriage on any terms."

"Well, but suppose Mr. Van Vacuum," said Mary, "could show you from the stars—and he is a professor of astrology among his other accomplishments—suppose he should show you that I

was foreordained to be his bride. He has shown me this—or tried to do it.”

“Bless my stars!——”

“And mine too, mother,” said Mary, taking up the discourse.

“Is it possible, Mary?—can it—can it be, that you have been star-gazing with this jackanapes? I wish he was but here. I think he would get a piece of an old woman’s mind—I think——”

“Your wishes are accomplished, mother,” said Mary; “for he is not far off, and seems to be aiming for this port.”

“The Old Nick!—almost—or quite; for it is enough to make a saint blaspheme, to be so pestered with the old one and his angels,” exclaimed Mrs. Blaxton, as she left the apartment; she being one of those who can “rouse up a brave mind” to do a perilous deed, while the perilous occasion is away; but who find, on its approach, that—

“’Tis not for man to boast his strength
Before the trial comes.”

One would suppose, that, after the interview at Round Pond, Mr. Van Vacuum would have been slow to renew his suit to Mary Blaxton. But this would be to suppose that he had not coated his face with bronze; that he was not of the Ovidian school; that he was not firmly of the opinion that any female may be conquered by any male

in time; that the besieged will at last surrender from mere lassitude; that every failure should only be an additional motive to perseverance; that *Te Deum* should be sung to the God of Love after every defeat; that a cheerful and steady countenance will triumph over all petty mishaps; that, in short, the only way is, to preserve a confident bearing, and face the thing out.

The conduct of Mary was well calculated to encourage him in this mode of carrying the matter. She had not the low ambition of using to Mr. Van Vacuum's annoyance, the advantage which she had gained over him at the Pond. She never mentioned it, or, in any manner alluded to the subject in his presence; and, what some will believe, if they believe it at all, upon the old fatherly principle, *quia impossibile est*—she never told the story to any body else. He dreaded the first encounter of her eyes after that disastrous interview; but Mary conducted herself at the meeting, precisely as if nothing of the kind had taken place.

A circumstance which shortly after occurred, was the means of furnishing our hero with still stronger reasons for taking heart. The Eutopians had not yet adopted the system of erecting metallic rods for the protection of their dwellings against lightning. Mr. Van Vacuum turned up his nose, with great self-complacency, at this bar-

barous sloth of mind, on the part of the Americans. That the very countrymen of the man, who discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, should be the last to appreciate his merits, and adopt his improvements! That he should meet so many men, who were ignorant of the experiment of the kite, and in the droll rhymes of our countryman, Christopher Caustic,

“How Franklin kept, to make folks wonder,
A warehouse full of bottled thunder.”

There was, however, some degree of compassion mixed with Mr. Van Vacuum's contempt: and his pity even produced the benevolent resolution, on his part, of setting an example before the eyes of the benighted Americans, by mounting the pointed rod upon his own school-house. This edifice had, in the middle of its roof, a small cupola; from the centre of which ascended an octagonal wooden staff about six feet in length. Mr. Van Vacuum, after taking care to make the whole town apprized of his business, procured an iron rod, six or eight feet long, and gave out the day upon which it would be erected. Much people assembled to witness the operation. The learned electrician was stepping about, with a busy air and anxious look, giving orders to the workmen, and sometimes condescending to answer the curious interrogations of the natives. At length,

by means of ropes and ladders, the persons employed for the purpose, succeeded in boring into the upper extremity of the above-mentioned staff surmounting the cupola, a hole of the requisite depth, into which the iron rod was inserted with due skill and caution.

"Well," said a plain yeoman, Mr. Philip Cute, when the last hand had been put to the work, and the workmen had begun to take down their apparatus—"Well, Mr. Vacuum, I suppose we are to have no more thunder now?"

"Thunder, Mr. Cute!" exclaimed the electrician. "What harm will thunder do?"

"What harm!" exclaimed the yeoman in turn. "By the living jingo—beg pardon for swearing—but if you had seen what I have, I guess you'd think there was some harm in it:—I guess, if you'd seen a pocky thunderbolt chounce down upon your barn, choke full of hay and grain, and burn it all to flinders, before a man could say *Jack Robinson*, I guess you'd have another sort of a notion about thunder, Mr. Vacuum."

"Poh!" ejaculated the latter; "my dear sir, you mistake the matter altogether. It is the lightning that does all the mischief—not the thunder: thunder is only the report which follows the flash."

"Follows!" said Mr. Cute. "I should like to know what you mean by *follows*, Mr. Vacuum:

for, when my barn was burnt, I'll be hanged and shot to death, if any man could tell which came first, the flash or the thunder."

"Well, so be it, Mr. Cute.—Good day, sir," answered the disciple of Franklin, hurrying into his school-house to take a note of this conversation. The entry in his book was as follows:—

"The Americans may with confidence be pronounced, not only the most barbarous people in Christendom, in point of actual condition, but the people least susceptible of civilization and improvement: their intellectual tardiness can only be exceeded by that of the savages on their border, whom they are found to resemble in so many other particulars: they are still ignorant of the difference between thunder and lightning; stupidly attributing to the former of these constituents, that mischief, which every school-boy in England knows to be the effect of the latter: and yet this is the people, who claim the nativity of FRANKLIN."

To which sweet morsel of veracity the writer subjoined three notes of admiration, and a *nota bene*, to hunt up some appropriate Latin exclamation to show at once his literature and his contempt. He then spent some time in manufacturing a dialogue, the basis of which was that just mentioned between himself and Mr. Cute: but

with the characteristic fairness of *the trade*, he thrust in four provincialisms where there was one in the original, made a jargon which nobody could understand, and set it down in his book as a specimen of the *American* tongue.

Well—the lightning rod was now over his head, and he went on with his pedagogical duties, undisturbed by any apprehensions of danger from the “war of elements, and the wreck of matter.” One day he was standing near the fire-place, listening to the recitation of one his classes. A cluster of thunder-clouds, to use an odd metaphor of one of the poets, had laid their heads together for a storm, which had been muttering at a distance, for a considerable length of time, but now commenced its swift career towards the town. The time between the flash and the report grew rapidly less and less—the flash more vivid, and the report more obstreperous. The big scattering drops which announced its presence, pattered upon the roof of the school-house: the interior of which became suddenly so dark that the scholars were unable to distinguish the letters in their books; when, as suddenly a flood of glaring light nearly blinded their eyes, accompanied by a tremendous crashing noise, and a quick jarring of the edifice, which had well nigh shaken them from their seats. In fact, several of them were prostrated upon the floor, and Mr. Van Vacuum himself was sent sprawling and

senseless several paces under the writing-desk, which stood in the middle of the room. The cause was plain. A stream of lightning darted from the edge of the thunder-cloud as it passed over, lit upon Mr. Van Vacuum's metallic rod, and meeting with the non-conducting wooden spire, shivered that, and the cupola into a thousand pieces, tore up the roof, knocked down the chimney, and did the mischief just mentioned, to the Franklinian teacher and his pupils.

The former was carried to his lodgings, black, and apparently dead. Gradually, however, he returned to life; but whether by nature, or art, it is hard to say. This, however, we can say—that he was duly rubbed, dosed, and fumigated. But it was many days ere he fairly recovered from the shock; and during the time of his languishment, the reader need hardly be told that his real or imaginary wants would have been little attended to, had no person officiated in his behalf, but his landlady, Mrs. Blaxton. In fact, scarcely any thing was done for his comfort or convalescence, which did not proceed from the hands of her daughter, whose conduct on the occasion was probably dictated for the most part by the natural kindness of the sex; but partly to her regarding the invalid as a curiosity that ought not to be lost, thinking of him as Shakspeare did of Falstaff, that “the world could better spare a bet-

ter man;" and to some extent she is also supposed to have acted from a motive similar to that of Dr. Radcliffe, who cured the wife out of spite to the husband; the overweening and importunate anxiety of Mrs. Blaxton having raised in Mary a spirit of opposition bordering on revenge, a disposition occasionally to torment her mother, precisely because she allowed herself to be tormented.

This was not a happy state of things; nor does it exhibit human nature in a very amiable point of view. But human nature it is; and such will always be the effect of that system of pumping, screwing, teasing, and worrying grown-up children, pursued by parents who think that children are to be always children—never to be emancipated from the leading-strings—never to think for themselves—to have no part nor lot in shaping their future destiny; but to be perpetually under the eyes and the thumbs of their "natural guardians." When the parent denies the grown-up child any right to think for himself, the latter retorts by denying the parent any right to think for him; both being equally in the wrong: and thus the war begins, which commonly ends in a declaration of independence on the part of the child. But I am digressing.

I must not be understood to intimate, that Mary Blaxton frequented the room of Mr. Van Vacuum,

and became his nurse. All she did, was to prepare his medicines and potions, whenever there was need, and perform a few of those many little acts required in such cases, which the mind can neither see before, nor recollect after they have happened. But the *help* maid, who more immediately administered to the sick man's exigencies, did not fail to whisper in his ear, the whole of Mary's doings, "enlarged and improved," like the second edition of all good things. Mary had made this drink, or done such an office, with her own hands, &c. These reports, operating upon the nervous system of the patient, in his weak and shattered state, produced "a thousand visions of a thousand things." Horace must have been a valetudinary, or he could not so aptly have depicted the *ægri somnia*—the absurd, incongruous, impossible combinations of things and events, which alternately tickle, and torment the victim of disease. Mr. Van Vacuum would ruminate; from rumination pass to reverie; from reverie into downright dreaming. Mary was in all his thoughts, waking or sleeping. His mind was fraught with fancies, such as we see in the most high-coloured pictures of romantic love; such as we see no where else—such only, in short,

Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.

The cabalistical letter did not set the brains of

Malvolio more thoroughly at work "by the rule of topsy-turvies;" nor produce in his conduct, more notable proofs of vanity. His carriage on former occasions, had' indeed sufficiently evinced the latter quality; though its manifestations had been of a different character. For instance, having the only umbrella in all Eutopia, he never saw Mary Blaxton in the street, but he hastened to give her the benefit of its protection, and carried it over her head with the obsequious fidelity of a Hindoostanee servant boy. And this he did, in obedience to the Ovidian precept:—

Ipse tene distenta suis umbricula virgis.

So he seldom saw a looking-glass in her presence, but he immediately took it in hand, and held it before her; thereby fulfilling another precept of the same great master:—

Nec tibi turpe puta—

Ingenuâ speculum sustinuisse manu.

But the proofs which he had now received of his own importance in the eyes of Miss Blaxton, were such, in his opinion, as to warrant him in laying aside this condescension and obsequiousness. "He had followed," he said, "long enough, it was now her turn." Henceforth he would assume a distance of demeanour, and withdraw the light of his countenance; and he already saw the withering effects which such a course of treatment

would have upon the lovelorn daughter of America. He tried it. It did not succeed. He looked in vain for the signs of withering on the part of the young lady. She continued the same creature both in appearance and behaviour. She did not even seem to recognise the distance which he had taken; but persevered in treating him precisely as she had been used to do on all former occasions. This stung him, but he easily accounted for it. Maidens are always coy. They not only never disclose their attachments, but study to conceal them with the most ingenious precautions; their hearts frequently breaking with anguish while they are cheerful in countenance and light in speech. The imminent peril of the other party may induce the fair sufferer to throw aside the veil or to rend it in pieces: but should he recover his health or retrieve his safety, she also summons back her secrecy and indifference "So has it happened with me," continued Mr. Van Vacuum. "I am now past danger, and she is past sympathy—that is, in appearance. But I think we can wake that strain again. We shall see."

Having recently kept himself at an awful distance from Miss Blaxton, he thought it meet to make some amends; and, accordingly, as he entered the bar-room, on the occasion of which we write, he saluted her with three of his best bows.

"Six more," said Mary, feeling for the mo-

ment, a slight degree of indignation, that Mr. Van Vacuum should conceive himself at liberty at all times to adjust the terms of their behaviour to each other—to recede and to approach at his pleasure.

“Six more, sir: there are but three; and nine bows is the order of the Celestial Empire, and of mine—dated from our bar-room—Mary, Queen of Hearts.”

“Miss Blaxton,” returned the surprised Londoner, with stern emphasis. “Miss Blaxton, do you mean to make a jest of me? Is it your purpose to make a laughing-stock of me?”

“*I make!*” exclaimed the other. “*I!*—what had I to do with the making of you? Nature did it—not I—

‘Thou canst not say I did it.’”

“Good!” returned Mr. Van Vacuum, turning the corner. “David never said it better in his life! Admirable! Encore! Pray Miss Blaxton—

‘That strain again!—it had a dying fall.’”

“What!” said she, “shall we have another ‘play extempore,’ Mr. Van Vacuum?”

A quick winch, and sudden effort to clear his throat, enabled the performer of Richard to survive this hit; but he instantly determined upon the measure of turning the line of conversation.

"A home-thrust, Miss Blaxton—a home-thrust, no doubt. You never aim but you drive the arrow through and through; and there it sticks. You seem to have been made to wound. All-potent God of Love!

'The eldest God, and yet a child,'

How many quivers full of arrows will you suffer to be emptied upon one poor heart!—one that is already so pierced and perforated, that scarce any new place could be discovered for another scar."

"Noble!" exclaimed Mary. "The very phrases of the proper mode! Take breath, and to it again, Mr. Van Vacuum."

"Ah! Cruel maiden! O implacable sex!" ejaculated the other. "Are we to be always the butt of your scorn! Have you only a hand to wing the dart—and none to cure the wound!"

"As I am alive, blank-verse! And the standard language, too!" said Mary. "From what approved author did you take it, Mr. Van Vacuum?"

"O Adamant!" continued the latter, "O Patience——"

"On a monument smiling at grief," is the continuation of the sentence, Mr. Van Vacuum," rejoined the landlady's daughter.

"Very keen, Miss Mary Blaxton," said the other. "A keen weapon, that tongue of yours,"

and here he commenced fumbling in his pockets, with some perturbation. "But you have not children to deal with. A few words are enough between you and me. Keen—that tongue of yours: but here is something as keen," he continued, unfolding a razor, and holding it out, on the paper, in which it had been enveloped.

"Thank you, sir," said Mary, laying hands upon the instrument; both Mr. Van Vacuum's hands being so employed in extending the ends of the paper as to be of no use to him in preventing this unexpected movement. "I'm a great friend to all keen instruments," continued the maid; "and this is just such a one as I have been long wanting. And of course a razor can be of no service to you, Mr. Van Vacuum."

"By heavens! this is too much!" exclaimed the man, giving his chin a grip, that almost made the blood start, and then drawing his penknife. "I have still a weapon that will do the work, Miss Blaxton. In short and plain, then," he continued, pressing down his collar with his left hand, and passing his knife with his right around to the left side of his neck, as if about to sever his windpipe—"will you, or will you not!"

"Will what, Mr. Van Vacuum?" returned Mary.

"You know," said he, making another motion to cut.

"O cruel man! O Mr. Van Vacuum!" exclaimed

Mary. You will not surely cut your throat—to see the blood running down, and running down—on mother's clean white floor. The mischief! How she will scold! For pity's sake, Mr. Van Vacuum, come this way and let the blood run on the hearth—or wait till I get out of the room.”

And out she went; leaving the petrified school-master in his suicidal attitude, his eyes fixed on the door through which she had escaped.

“This is not human!” said he, as soon as the first shock was over. “This is not flesh and blood.—A fine specimen of the American ladies!—I think I will give them a character, when I return:—I think it shall run pretty much in these words, too.”

“As to American ladies, (or rather American females—for ladies they are not,) however unpleasant it may be to speak harshly of the fair sex; yet truth must prevail over gallantry; and candour obliges me to say, that the American women are mere Amazons:—destitute alike of that delicacy, which is seen in most females of European extraction, and of that tenderness which characterizes the sex all over the globe; mocking the misery of their fellow creatures—insulting their distress—and—

Some other thing to round off and conclude the sentence.—But now, Ovid! What say you next? Will you tell me that I must not attempt unless I

perform? I remember well your maxim; *aut non tentaris, aut perfice*. But this *perfice* is the difficult part. What shall I do? What shall I be at? Here is the end of my wits. Must I abide my vow, and stay the siege of Troy—hoping to succeed at last by the help of some unheard of machinery, like the wooden-horse?—many a cruel battle must be fought under the impregnable walls before that happens. But I must go on, for aught I see:—there's no backing out now: I'm

'Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'"

(*Exit.*)

CHAPTER III.

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know,
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or so.

LORD BYRON.

WE must again shift the scene to Skenedo's Athens. The sagacious chief, after the singular specimen of humanity displayed by his daughter in behalf of the Eutopian captive, as commemorated in a preceding chapter, deemed it most prudent, *under all the circumstances*, to remove the captain's quarters from his own mansion to that occupied by the resident missionary, which was distant near a quarter of a mile. It was a building which might well be called a *pile*; for, in truth, it seemed little more than a huge pile of timbers left in their native roughness and rotundity. It was, however, sufficiently spacious, and as convenient as the skill of the Mingo architects could make it. A gentle swell in the ground near the centre of the village, constituted its site, and a few reverend forest trees of the primitive growth stood about it as sentinels and protectors, guard-

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ing it against the violence of both wind and sun. It was called **THE STRANGER'S HOUSE**—a sort of tavern; such as might be found at the time of which I write, in most tribes of North American Indians, who are well known to carry equally their hatred and their hospitality to the last extreme—being as superabundant in friendship during peace, as they are implacable and unbounded in hostility during war. When a stranger visited one of their settlements, with no inimical design, he was conducted with great rejoicings to the house prepared for his reception, and every member of the tribe felt it a pleasureable duty to contribute something towards his ease and comfort.

After his rescue from the hatchet and the flames, Captain Homebred was considered as a stranger, most especially entitled to the benefit of this generous custom; and accordingly food of all sorts, and cooked in all the modes known to the Mingo epicure, reached his habitation from all quarters: flesh, fish, fruits, roots, nuts, maize, prepared in a variety of ways, and even a few potatoes and cabbages. True, the cookery was not exactly according to his taste; but amidst the profusion that was deposited in and about the house, he could generally cull a quantity of edible matter sufficient to allay the cravings of appetite.

One circumstance in particular distinguished the case of the captain, and has been supposed to

account for a part of this overflowing abundance. He was to choose himself a wife at the peril of his existence. But whether this circumstance had any connexion with that which follows, I shall leave the reader to judge:—namely, that the greater number of those who came to deposit presents for the Eutopian prisoner were observed to be the unmarried female portion of the tribe. I merely state the fact. It is not for me to insinuate that any of these Mingo damsels went with the remotest wish of being seen. On the contrary, many showed signs of a different disposition. None actually presented their offerings to the captain, but left them at a greater or less distance from the house, according as they caught his eye sooner or later in their approach. Wherever his look first met theirs, there they set down their burden; some endeavouring to hide their faces for shame—some tittering and taking wing—but the greater number opposing their simple round faces to the speculation of the prisoner. The latter, however, was unable to reconcile his mind to a union of fates with any of these unsophisticated nymphs.

He did not see Tassa among them; and, on inquiry, learned of his companion, the missionary, that she had been taken ill—how ill, or with what disease, he did not ascertain. But the news caused him uneasiness; and that on two accounts

—for Tassa's sake, and for his own. He could not but sympathise in her sufferings, regarding her merely as his deliverer from the bloody stake; but, when he considered her, also, as likely to be his deliverer from the severer perils which now awaited him, his sympathy became so strong, that he immediately resolved upon paying her, or rather her father, a visit.

The way to his house, up the side of the table-land, upon which it stood, wound through high abrupt masses of grey limestone. The captain was ascending the path, in something of an absent mood—when, as he turned the edge of a projecting rock, he was brought to a full possession of his senses, and to a sudden stand, by an apparition, the like of which he had never expected to see any where, much less in the place, which it now occupied. He had heard of the large race of bears, inhabiting the more northern latitudes, distinguished chiefly by their length of limb, and rendered doubly terrible by thus adding swiftness of foot to ferocity of disposition: but the specimen of the race, which now met his eye, standing erect upon its hinder legs, beggared all his previous notions of its size and strength. He had scarcely time to take one thought upon measures of defence or escape, when the animal entered upon a caracole, such as those, who tame bears, call dancing. This relieved the captain from some apprehension;

but afforded him no amusement. He knew not what the animal might do without its keeper, and no keeper appeared.

Considerations, therefore, as to the best mode of shortening the interview, darted through his mind, like so many flashes of lightning. To try feet with the animal seemed perfectly idle. To stand, was only to enjoy such a respite, as grimal-kin permits to the mouse, with which she first sports, and then gluts her appetite. It happened, that, when Skenedo removed the captain's lodgings, upon the principle of its being no harm to put him at a greater distance from Tassa, he further thought it no harm to restore to his prisoner, the pair of pistols, with which he was taken; charging him to keep them about his person; but to keep them concealed. This injunction he had not disobeyed. And the plan, which he quickly settled to extricate himself from present limbo, was, if possible, to cripple the animal by a brace of bullets, and then trust the issue to his strength or his speed, according to circumstances. He, therefore, thrust one arm across the other, under the folds of his garments; drew both weapons, and pulled back the cocks—but at the snap of this operation, *ursa major* disappeared: his skin slipped down his body with the rapidity of a sloop's mainsail, when the mast is well oiled; and the animal stood confessed, a tall lean figure of a Min-

go Indian, nearly as "unaccommodated" as poor Tom himself.

This sudden metamorphosis did not, however, entirely restore the captain to equanimity and good humour. He could not but view himself in the light of a man, who had been the subject of a malicious trick—and, what was worse than all, of a trick but too successfully played. His dignity had been lowered—his importance lessened; or, as it is commonly and more strongly expressed, he had been made to feel cheap; and, moreover, the current of his thoughts upon a subject of intense interest to himself had been violently interrupted. The personator of Bruin, however, did not seem to be aware of all this; for, when he had dropped his skin, confiding in his human shape for protection, he enjoyed the momentary confusion of the captain by grinning from ear to ear. This piece of levity filled the measure of provocation; and the captain was raising one of his barrels to convince the Mingo joker, that he had mistaken his man, by inflicting a slight flesh wound in one of his arms—when the latter put his heels in motion for flight; but being hampered by his bear's skin, he fell prostrate, and was obliged to complete his retreat in the posture of the animal, whose habiliments he had assumed.

The captain now hastened up the ascent, with

a view of obtaining a speedy explanation of this affair; even his sympathy in the case of Tassa being suspended by his curiosity to know wherefore he had been so singularly accosted. Skenedo observed both pistols hanging in his hands—and both cocked—as he entered the door. He also remarked, that his step was a little quicker than it was wont to be, and that his face still betokened some unusual exercise of mind.

“Why, white man,” said he—“why, what’s the matter? Has——”

“I should be glad to know, good Skenedo,” interrupted Homebred, “if that fellow was dressed in a bear’s skin for the purpose of playing a trick upon me?”

“Don’t——” said Skenedo, bursting into a laugh, which suspended the utterance, and which, seeming to confirm the captain’s view of the case, not a little augmented his impatience. “Don’t——” repeated the old chief, again exploding with glee—“Do—don’t—ca—ll him—*fellow*—white man!” the speaker’s sides shaking so that he could hardly articulate one syllable at a time. “Why—he—is—one of our—mo—most—im—important—and wealthy—p—ersons—our greatest physician, our doctor!” And here was a third discharge, more violent than either of the others, which threw the old man into a convulsive cough; and he was soon reduced to his usual composure.

"Physician!" exclaimed the captain.

"Yes—physician," returned the other—"or doctor—or what do you call them?"

"We should probably call them *quacks*, if any thing," answered Homebred.

"All one, said Skenedo. "He has been here to cure Tassa; and I believe he has nearly cured her, too."

"But what advantage does he gain," asked Homebred, "by degrading himself into the form of a bear?"

"Degrading!" exclaimed the other. "It is no degradation to him, white man. He does not look upon bears as you do. All the living creation are upon a level in the eye of the Indian; and one race of animals is not more dignified, except as it is more brave, than another. Wolves are the grandfathers of the Mingoes:—bears, panthers, and the rest, their uncles and cousins: and we shall all go to heaven together, according to the faith of our tribe.—The doctor dresses himself like a bear, in order to frighten away the disease which he is about to treat. He makes his patients swallow no disgusting medicine: if he gives them any it is commonly something very pleasant to the taste—and this is one reason why he is such a favourite; for a favourite he is; and gets more horses, and skins, and rifles, than all the rest of our physicians put together."

"Then you have other physicians," said Homebred interrogatively.

"O yes," answered Skenedo. "And a very honest one was here before I sent for the Black Bear. He came plainly dressed, with his water drawn up stream for pukes, and water drawn down stream for purges: but on seeing Tassa, he said, nothing ailed her in particular, and refused to give medicine. But Tassa would have some; she said the honest man knew nothing of her case, nor of his business; and insisted upon my sending for the Black Bear. The Black Bear came; and danced—and capered—and threw about his hands—and talked nonsense—and gave her a little maple-sugar—and blew on her face—and told the disorder to be gone; and I believe it has gone, sure enough."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. What do you suppose was the matter with her?" asked the captain.

"You, I'm afraid, white man?"

"Why afraid?" asked the other—"since it seems she is cured of me."

"I'm afraid of a relapse," answered the old man.

"Then," returned the other, "you would not be willing——"

"I will tell you plainly, white man," interrupted Skenedo, suspending further communica-

tion until he could replenish and light his pipe; an operation in which his age rendered him rather slow; and the captain, in the mean time, undergoing no little uneasiness, at the expectation of receiving, now, a definitive answer as to the great object of his visit.

"I will tell you plainly, white man, what the honest physician said was the matter with her. He said, that her frame being naturally feeble, the exercise of her mind in the late doings was too much for it."

"And now I will tell you plainly, good Skenedo, that, being obliged, as I am, to take a wife, I——"

"You white men," again interrupted the chief, "are not in the secret: you have no such doctors, that cure by mere words, and signs, and gestures."

"That we have," answered the captain. "Or at least we have those that cure disorders in modes equally prompt and magical. We have those, whose hands possess such healing virtues that the mere touch is a cure-all: and thousands, who have invented particular medicines that never fail in any disorder. Faith, faith Skenedo—faith is the thing. We think ourselves into many diseases, and can think ourselves out of them again. The Black Bear has wrought upon Tassa's body through her mind. The Great Spirit bless her!

I owe her my life, and she shall have it, Skenedo, if you are willing."

"I willing that she should take your life!" returned the father, ready to avail himself of a play upon words, or of any other shift, to avoid the subject. "Not I, white man, keep it: you can do better with it."

"In plain terms, you know I have to choose a wife, Skenedo——"

"Yes," once more interrupted the other—"and I'll tell you when will be your time. To-morrow the tribe will give offerings to their Deity, in the great temple erected by Toxus and his brother Catchitcan, who have, or think they have revived the religion of our ancestors. We will go too; and there you will see nearly all the Mingoes together."

"But I have seen enough of them already," answered the captain. "I want to see no farther: my choice is fixed: Tassa is the woman."

"Bah! bah! bah!" exclaimed Skenedo. "You white men never stop to consider. You are always rushing into things before you look around you. I can show you fifty young squaws—all superior to Tassa. Tassa is a poor weak thing—not fit to be any man's squaw. No—we'll go to-morrow to the offering: that's the place: there will be girls that shall make the white man's eyes

snap. Say no more, white man. Skenedo knows best."

No more was accordingly said. Homebred cast about his eyes with the hope of catching a sight of Tassa; but his vision was not keen enough to penetrate the dressed skins, by means of which the interior of Skenedo's dwelling was divided into apartments. The room in which he now sat, was somewhat singularly furnished. Its principal ornaments were the trophies of the chase. The ramified antlers of slaughtered bucks were fastened on the walls, and served the same purpose as nails, pegs, or hooks. Skenedo also enjoyed the luxury of a chair, though most of his tribe were satisfied with the naked flat ground. Two of his seats were formed of the jaw-bones and pelvis of that tremendous animal, of which the race appears to be now extinct; but of which the natives have a tradition that the whole family having been slaughtered with thunderbolts by the Great Spirit, except the big bull—the latter, after encountering with his forehead for a considerable length of time, and shaking off as they struck, the avenging bolts of Deity, at last received a wound in his side, which caused him to turn tail; and, possessing in proportion to his size, the same agility with the flea, he bounded over the great western rivers and lakes, and was still living at the time when

Mr. Jefferson composed his *Notes on Virginia*. Of the larger bones of this animal, Skenedo, or some of his household, had fashioned mortars and pestles, for the purpose of triturating maize, and by fastening together the extremities of the rib-bones, suspending the cradle thus formed by four leathern ropes from the ceiling, and supplying it with the requisite number of blankets and buffalo skins, the aged chief enjoyed a bed upon which a philosopher might sleep.

Captain Homebred departed for his own home; and I cannot learn that he met in the way any adventures worthy of particular commemoration.

CHAPTER IV.

Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 'us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

THE TEMPEST.

BUT though Captain Homebred encountered no adventures on his return to the Stranger's House, the reader is not to suppose, that he passed over so much ground, without some painful reflections on the present state of his affairs. Hitherto his thoughts had been confined to the mere necessity of possessing a wife, and to the means of procuring one to his mind. The consequences of the settlement in the family way, which he was about to make—the ties, long established, which he should be obliged to tear asunder, and the nature of those new relations, which must usurp their place—the total abandonment of all those comforts of life and conversation, which civilization affords to the civilized man, with nothing to come in their stead but total ignorance, grossness, filth, and inconvenience—the extinguishment of all those high hopes

of future eminence and usefulness, which he had been accustomed to entertain, and which form no small part of the happiness of all generous minds—without the possibility of finding, in his present sphere of existence, any object which could rekindle the glorious flame:—these thoughts had not as yet traversed the horizon of his contemplations; or, if they had, it was only as the light summer clouds, that scud athwart the sun, of substance scarcely sufficient to make a shadow on the ground, over which they pass.

The result of his interview with Skenedo produced a temporary suspension in his pursuit of a wife; and enabled him to detach his mind from the exclusive consideration of that subject. “A wife!” said he, communing with himself. “Suppose I get a wife—suppose I get Tassa—nay, suppose an impossible case—suppose I had the only person I could choose in the wide world—suppose I had Mary Blaxton—that is, suppose her to be my wife, and to be here among the Mingoes—should I—could I be happy? True, if—~~if~~ she could preserve her spirits and her vivacity, and withal, talk to a body—why—to be sure—that would be a good deal. But she could not always talk—or at least always talk what would be worth attention; and, even if she could, how could I spend my whole life in listening to her? Love in a cottage or in a hollow tree—the idea of two

people's consuming their whole existence in the sole business of interchanging mutual affection—it is all nonsense. Still this is something; and talk is something. Mary—O it's an abuse of her and of reason to put the case!—but Mary, were she here and mine, would beguile many and many an hour; and make my existence tolerable. But to think of taking a partner for life here—a Min-go squaw—to link myself with a being scarcely removed from the brute creation—who cannot even speak my language, nor I her's—who, even if we could understand each other, would not be able to say a single thing that I should care to hear—who has not one idea in common with me—no feelings in unison with mine—but many that would jar and put me out—who would not know my wants, nor how to supply them if she did—to burrow with her in a dirty hovel—prowling about in the smoke and darkness—squat upon the bare earth, and eat my half-roasted meat upon a stick, without salt, seasoning, or bread—and depend upon mere chance for getting meat at all—starving one day and over-eating the next——”

And here I must, in behalf of the captive, intercede with such readers as may deem it beneath the dignity of a hero, to include these trivial items in his computation of what makes up the sum of human happiness or misery. Let such readers turn over the pages of their own existence, and

tell me how many of them record the occurrence of great calamities: or let them turn over the pages of Johnson, that searcher of the human heart, who says, in the *Life of Pope*, "it has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated." Or take an expression equally beautiful, of the same sentiment, from the same hand. "Misery," he says in his *Journey*, "misery is caused for the most part, not by a heavy crush of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment, and undermine security." The captain went on:—

"And then to herd with these bears, and buffaloes, and wolves, and panthers—these cousin-germans to the whole savage creation—to become one with a tribe of painted fiends, with scarce any thing human about them but their shape—to dress as they do—and bedaub myself as they do—and yell as they do—to be half my time perfectly idle and listless, and the other half on the full run through the woods: and then this Toxus astride of us all, like a Colossus, and we 'peeping about to find ourselves dishonourable graves:' the whole nation at his back—my own existence perhaps depending upon a twist of his eye. And what if it were not so?—what if I were the foremost man among them all? What is it?—what is there in

it all, to raise one of the hopes, or to gratify one of the rational desires of a civilized being? Where shall I turn to find any one thing to which I am accustomed? And what is life but a system of relations with the world about us? What is it when these are gone?—Is it at all? Does it exist in any good sense? Breath—what is that? Is it life to breathe?—to take in some tea-cupful of air, and throw it out again? What am I?—or what can I be?—or why longer support an existence which has no longer any of that alimment which made it worth continuance?——”

And here entered the brain of our captive, that thought which commonly occurs to all those who, by a course of sinister reflection, bring down upon themselves the clouds of utter darkness—I mean the thought of self-destruction. He looked into the clear and placid stream, which wound its way through the village, and upon the banks of which he was now walking. It struck him how easy, and even how pleasant it would be to sink beneath that wave, and be at rest. “’Tis but to plunge, and I am extinguished as the burning brand.” But at the words *burning brand*, a host of associations appeared to rush upon him. He recoiled a little, and then continued his soliloquy.

“The *burning brand*!—how dare I quench it thus? the book of all our faith—what says it?—Where is the ‘burning brand’ to be extin-

guished?—*In the Redeemer's blood.*—'Tis all mysterious and perplexed!—Is my life in my own hands? or in the hollow of His, who made this running stream, yon waving wood, this clear blue sky, and all the worlds that roll through boundless space? Nay, answer thou this question, Charles, laying all other things aside, is it not a most cowardly mode of getting out of troubles—this self same suicide? Put it on this single footing. You are hemmed in—pressed on all sides by the foes of human happiness:—will you fight?—or will you die?—Die by misfortune!—Fall by worldly troubles!—You're a coward!—It was said to be a sight worthy even of the Heathen Gods, to see a brave man struggling against adversity; and truly, I think the true Deity must look, with something like a smile of favour upon the fortitude of him who presses boldly forward to his mark, amidst the 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' Say he falls—what then? Why, Courage!—up again and on! The resolution never to give up makes man the master of his own destiny. 'Tis the condition of our being to fall perpetually in the long race of life. And shall we lie, because we're down? or nobly rise, and once more grapple with adversity. —Now, here am I, endeavouring to persuade myself, that not a being breathes, whose destiny is so hard as mine: that of all men, I am the most

unfortunate; that I have been marked and set apart for the peculiar vengeance of heaven. But all the world is thinking precisely the same thing. I never saw a man in all my life, who was not the child of misfortune—the peculiarly unlucky. It is the poor beggarly way we take, to draw the tribute of our neighbour's sympathy. We do not so state it to ourselves. It is an instinct—a natural hankering after pity; and, when others are away, or will not pity, though they may be present—rather than want it altogether, we will even commiserate ourselves. Fie on it, we are all alike—one just as happy as the other—there are no *peculiar*s in the case. It is not the actual weight of our calamities, that decides this question: it is our preparation to sustain them. A little thing will grievously distress a man, who has only been used to little things—

‘And as they have the less to start ’em

‘In like proportion, less will hurt ’em.

What right have I to lament as I do about my present situation? The name of *wife* has led me into wrong conclusions. My Mingo spouse will not expect from me such offices and duties as a wife requires among the whites. She need not be much trouble to me. An exemption from ill treatment will be enough to make her happy, so she has enough to eat. And if I live in filth, and smoke, and darkness—or eat bad food—or eat it

badly cooked—or eat irregularly—will it be any body's fault but my own? If the Mingo ways are not comfortable to me, why I can make them so. Nor should I despair of making a decent woman out of a Mingo girl, in course of time. I will build me a convenient house. No doubt they'll make a chief of me, and I may find good employ in improving generally their domestic economy. If there be a pleasure in creation, it must be a source of legitimate satisfaction to see a tribe of savages rising into something like civility and refinement under one's own hand. For Toxus, let him fairly come athwart my path! I do not seek or wish a quarrel, but should circumstances ever hit us together for the stake of life, I shall not be the first to regret it."

And here also broke in upon the captain, from afar, the hope that he should one day revisit Eutopia, and lay his bones with those of his fathers. His thoughts of Mary were the most difficult to quell, but he did in a measure quell them. He had no certain evidence that Mary loved him. Their last interview was strange and equivocal. She might be, and probably was, destined for some other person: nay, her affections might have been centered upon some one else. Let her take him. I think I should be able to meet him in the married state, without much heart-burning, on the whole: certainly I shall not beat my head against

the wall—nor tear my hair—nor cut my throat—nor hang myself in my own garters.” And with such thoughts as these the captain reached his place of abode; where he made somewhat merry over himself for having acted the part of Hamlet.

Of his dreams that night, no account has been preserved. The following morning the glorious god of light did no sooner show his broad red face, than old Skenedo, with a visage equally round and red, being vermilioned to the eyes, made his appearance at the door of the stranger’s house. He was fraught with wampum, skins of various kinds, and other articles, suitable for offerings at the religious sacrifice about to be celebrated; part of them for himself, and a part for the captain.

It would be scarcely worth while to make the reader a witness of the approaching mummary, were it not always a matter of some utility, or of some amusement, at the least, to behold the various shapes, which the same principle of human nature assumes in different nations of men, or in the same nation at different times. It is pleasant to read the tales so often given us by benevolent travellers, of Indian innocence; of their ignorance of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*; of their enjoying all things in common; of their exemption, in consequence, from any selfish or avaricious feeling, and from all those bickerings about pro-

perty, which in civilized society, keeps the cauldron in one perpetual bubble. But they who have enjoyed a nearer view of these people, or peradventure had better eyes, have not found reason to make, in their favour, any exception to the common lot of humanity:—the more our race is examined, the more clearly appears the universality of that principle, against which the commandment issued—“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is his.” Indeed, so far has this principle been carried among the Indians, that they have even made religion the means of getting the money or the property of a neighbour! This will scarcely be believed in Christendom, without some authority additional to my own; and I therefore, subjoin the following account of religious worship among the early Narragansets, taken from a *Description*, published by one Denton.

“When the tribe is assembled together, the priest tells them what kind of offering will be most acceptable to their God. If he wants money, no other offering will be accepted, which the people believing, give according to their ability, the priest having received the money, puts it into some dishes, which he sets on the top of their low flat-roofed houses. He then begins to invoke their God with loud voices and outcries, to come down and receive it, the people joining in the

clamour, beating themselves and knocking the ground at the same time. When they have wearied themselves with the exercise, the priest, by conjuration, brings in an apparition, sometimes in the shape of a fowl, sometimes of a beast, and sometimes of a man; at which the people being amazed and not daring to stir out of their places, the priest improves the opportunity, steps out, and makes sure of the money and then returns to lay the spirit."

The system, which Toxus and his brother, the prophet, priest and sorcerer, Catchitean, had introduced, or—as they would have it—revived among the Mingoes, was little more than an improvement upon the Narraganset plan. Toxus had long entertained the magnificent design of uniting all the tribes of American Indians, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico, to that of St. Lawrence—in one great alliance against the whites. For this purpose he visited in person almost every tribe within those boundaries; and incidentally became acquainted with their respective customs, traditions, and superstitions. Among other things, he did not fail to examine those immense mounds of earth, which lie scattered over the western parts of the country and which seem left on purpose to employ the curious brains of antiquaries and philosophers. The Indian story went, that these had been places of

worship. Toxus, also, found it the prevalent faith among all the tribes, that their original parents came up out of the ground—and carrying home with him these hints and surmises, his brother Catchitcan soon worked them into a system of theology. Of the two, Catchitcan was much the “most subtle beast.” Toxus was above the sordid conception of making money by theology. Catchitcan better knew the value of that needful article; and he even succeeded in making himself believe, that it was his right if not his duty, to make a profit of his vocation. Perhaps, after all, there was not so much difference in the ultimate object of the two brothers, as in their modes of attaining them. The Roman lawyers received no fees: not they—it was sordid and dishonourable; but their rhetoric gained them influence, and influence gained them office, and office gained them wealth: nor is it recorded, that they ever remitted the perquisites of their appointments, or deemed it at all disgraceful to receive in this circuitous way, the wages of that labour, for which it would have been little less than civil death to accept any direct compensation. So it was with Toxus. He knew he should not lack money if he could but gain influence. But his brother began at the other end; being equally assured that if he had money, influence would follow of course.

With these views they entered upon the execu-

tion of the scheme, which they had devised between them. They built a temple in the form of a truncated pyramid; the base being an oblong square, and covering about a quarter of an acre of ground. The interior shell was of logs, but these were covered with a thick layer of earth, which, in imitation of the western mounds, was fashioned into a series of steps, that extended all round the pile. On the top was an aperture sufficiently large for the passage of the human body; and to this trap-door ascended from the interior, an inclined plane constructed also of wood, which answered the place of a flight of steps. In the middle of one of the smaller sides was another aperture, which formed the entrance to the temple, and which was opened and closed by means of a sort of portcullis. The ritual then was this: the members of the tribe being admitted, one after the other, through this entrance, deposited their respective offerings in the interior, and then ascending the inclined plane, made their egress at the top, and descended by means of the steps already mentioned—thus commemorating the mode, in which their first parents came out of the ground. The ceremonies within the temple were often impressive. Catchitcan had early discovered in himself the gift of ventriloquism; and this faculty, with certain other juggling qualifications, had given him such repute, as a sorcerer, that his

very look was supposed by many to be pregnant with witchcraft. His passing glance would sometimes throw a Mingo into fits; and, when he called all his powers into action, there were few whom he could not actually destroy. He would hold dialogues with the Great Spirit within the temple; and the responses were so well managed by means of his ventriloquism, that the natives, not knowing the secret, had no doubt of the Divine presence, and were filled with the most reverential awe.

At the hour appointed, Skenedo conducted his prisoner to the temple, which was embosomed in a stately grove of sugar-maples, bass-wood trees, and hemlocks. Nearly the whole tribe was assembled, all bearing their respective gifts to propitiate the favour of Deity. A line was formed, and they commenced entering at the bottom, and issuing from the top of the temple. Skenedo and Homebred took their positions in the rear, the latter being the last of the row. At last it came their turn to enter, and no sooner were they within the walls than the portcullis fell with a dead jarring sound. No light was now admitted into the temple except through the aperture at the top; and what could make its way there, only served obscurely to illuminate a small part of the interior, and to make darkness visible of the remaining space.

Skenedo advanced and laid his offering on a sort of tripod, when a huge moving thing in the likeness of a wolf emerged from the darkness, and carried it away in its mouth. Homebred followed the example; but the beast, instead of carrying away merely his offering in its mouth, ran up, and embracing both offering and tripod in its forepaws, rushed again into the darkness. The captain was struck with this circumstance, and began to suspect some trick. He cast his eyes around to find Skenedo, but that wily Mentor had disappeared—another suspicious circumstance. Skenedo too had previously taken away his pistols, under some pretence or other; but he now saw, or thought he saw, the true reason; and he could not help dwelling a moment, with admiration amounting almost to wonder, at the all-pervading trait of perfidy in the savage character. He had placed perfect confidence in Skenedo, who, he now found, could, like all the rest, “smile, and smile, and be a villain.”

Not that any fear of harm fell upon the captain; for, though it might be epic to repeat, as Virgil regularly does, when Æneas is placed in similar situations, *obstupuit, steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit*; yet truth obliges me to say, that my hero was not stupified, neither did his hair stand on end, nor his tongue cleave to the roof of

his mouth. He folded his arms and determined very coolly to await the issue of things.

The first object that presented itself, was a body apparently in a whirling motion, which, evolving itself from the darkness, rapidly approached the spot where Homebred stood. It struck the ground about ten paces from him, and appeared to be a compound of all sorts of animals; the substratum being a Mingo Indian—no other, in fact, than Catchitcan—covered from head to foot with the stuffed skins of squirrels, birds, fish, toads, snakes, and the like. One arm personated a fox and the other a raccoon. His face was painted in all the colours of the rainbow. In his right hand he held a wooden tube about two feet in length; in his left a pouch containing sharp fish bones, horse's hair, thistle-down, &c. His first business was to stand immoveable, and look the captain in the face: which done, for a moment or two he threw his eyes upward, muttered a sentence or two, and appeared to receive an impressive answer from the ceiling. Next he made a flourish with his tube, drew forth a sharpened bone from his pouch, and hanging the latter on his arm, held up the bone in one hand, and the tube in the other, that the captain might fairly see him put the former into the barrel of the latter; applied the instrument to his mouth, pointed it at the captain, and gave it a lusty blast, followed by a loud yell.

The captain, who stood eyeing him with a determination to spoil the whole man entirely, should he offer any violence, felt nothing strike any part of his body; and, in fact, the bone, instead of being slipped into the tube, was dexterously let fall into the performer's vestments.

Several other antics were played, of which it is not worth while to give the details. In conclusion, however, the sorcerer loaded his tube with thistle-down, turned two somersets towards the captain, and blowed the contents full in his face. The latter made a pass to seize him, but the juggler vanished from his grasp; and like Æneas, and others in similar cases, he embraced the empty air.

"Why, captain!" now exclaimed Skenedo advancing into light, "are you not dead? or dying? Don't you know you are bewitched? Why don't you down and flounce like others? Don't you feel the wizard fish-bone? Your head don't swim? Your knees don't knock against each other? You are not smitten—distracted—bedeviled? Why, Catchitcan! Why, how is this? Have you lost your power? Why, one-half of this would have made a corpse of any Mingo breathing: and here stands the white man through it all, as sound, for ought that I see, as when he was first taken! What's the matter, Catchitcan? What's the matter, I say?"

"Skenedo knows well enough what's the matter," answered the disappointed sorcerer from his invisible retreat, in a dogged and pouting tone.

"Skenedo knows not—and would know," returned the chief.

"Salt—salt—salt, Skenedo: that is the difficulty," said the sorcerer. "White man eat so much salted provisions, that you can get no hold on them."

"Good!" exclaimed Skenedo. "An excellent reason, and one that all the tribe will believe. Let us go, white man."

The captain had stood during this short colloquy, debating with himself the propriety of taking high ground with Skenedo, for the part that he had played in this business; but he had the sense to see, that to pick a quarrel with him was to lose the only person like a friend in the whole nation, without bettering his condition in any respect whatsoever; and his deliberations, therefore, terminated in the resolution of bowing to the necessity of his case without resistance or murmur. He obeyed Skenedo—and both left the temple.

Certain it is, that Skenedo was not altogether innocent in this affair. The captain's exposure to the practices of the juggling priest was the result of a plot, to which he was in some measure accessory. The plot originated with Toxus; who, having been so signally baulked in his first attempt

upon the captain's life, and having now an additional stimulus to revenge in the well founded suspicion that the white man would choose his deliverer for his spouse, thought still to accomplish his purpose by means of his brother's sorcery.

Catchitcan readily acceded to the plan, and took upon himself the office of persuading Skenedo to bring his prisoner into the temple on the day of sacrifice. With many cunningly devised speeches he endeavoured to insinuate the proposition into the mind of that wary old chief; but his precaution happened to be altogether unnecessary; for the moment his object became manifest, Skenedo yielded his assent; being, in fact, rejoiced that he should now have an opportunity of convincing the pretended conjuror how empty was his boast to supernatural powers, and how completely he depended for success upon the ignorance of his victims. The old man was, also, a lover of amusement; and had some curiosity to witness the conduct of a white man under the operations of Indian sorcery.

"Well," said he, "white man, I take it your only difficulty now is to choose among fifty—all fit for the wife of a king—which you like best. You seem to be puzzled."

"Not about choosing a squaw, Skenedo," answered Homebred.

"Who is she then?" eagerly asked the old man.
 "Let me know, that I may carry the happy tidings to her and her's."

"One Tassa, the daughter of——"

Skenedo stopped and turned his eyes upon the captain so suddenly and so earnestly, that his sentence was broken off in the middle. The old man had already begun to chuckle in secret at having found his captive a wife, without giving up his daughter; but this unlooked-for declaration of the captain threw him into a state of moody rumination. He resorted to his pipe and his tobacco; and walked with the captain nearly to the stranger's house without uttering a syllable; but obscuring the way with clouds of smoke resembling the *nebulae*, with which Venus concealed the Trojan fugitive, when he entered the city of Dido. At length, the old man stopped; knocked the bowl of his inverted pipe upon his thumb-nail, restored that instrument of thought to its place, and commenced giving the captain to understand what all this suffumigation portended.

"White man, Toxus wants Tassa—or did want her. Toxus was my boy; and Tassa and he played together, and liked each other. Toxus once saved her life, as she did yours. He asked me for her:—I put him off; and he was mad:—mad yet perhaps: but he may have got over it. Indians seldom court long, or ask twice. We can

try him. I'll tell you how. We must name you. Indians always give names to their prisoners, when they suffer them to live among them. To-morrow night, in the stranger's house, we shall name you. There will be a great dance. All the young women will be there, and dance—well, if you see any you like besides Tassa, take her: if not, take Tassa—that is, go up to her, and take her by the hand. Then we shall know, whether Toxus cares about her: if he does, he will interfere——”

“And if he does interfere,” interrupted Homebred, “I hope you will let us alone: let us settle the matter on the spot: I ache for it. He sought my life in cold blood——”

“White man,” interrupted Skenedo in turn, “you are too hot-blooded: you don't consider. What do you suppose the Mingoes would do were you to kill Toxus?”

“No matter,” said the captain, “only let me not be tied to a stake—put us foot to foot—with weapons, or without.

“Bah!” exclaimed Skenedo. “White man, you know not what you talk about. No such thing can be allowed; you must not think of it. Indians do not even wear arms at a dance any more than they do at a drunken frolick. Do as I say, white man. It must be as I say, or not be at all. If Toxus interferes—if he attempts to stop

you—then we must—must think what is to be done next.”

“ Well,” said Homebred, “ I am your prisoner, and must submit; but——”

“ No *buts*, white man! we have said enough—and I have been with you long enough, and too long.”

They accordingly parted, and each sought his several dwelling place.

CHAPTER V.

The general rumour ignorantly loud—
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd—
 These, link'd with that desire which ever sways
 Mankind, the rather to condemn than praise,
 'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a storm,
 Such as himself might fear, and foes would form.

Lord Byron.

So much for Mingo witchcraft. The course of our story now obliges us to give some account of the same species of infatuation, as it showed itself among the Eutopians.

Mrs. Blaxton, after revolving again and again in her mind, the subject of Mary's supposed attachment to Mr. Van Vacuum, finally convinced herself that her daughter must have been wrought upon by something more potent than even drugs and medicines: that nothing short of some demoniac influence could so completely have corrupted the good feeling, and perverted the good sense of a person born of such parents, and educated in such a manner as she had been. When this notion had once gained admission into her thoughts, an abundance of corroborating recollections rose up in its support. She passed in review the whole of Mr.

Van Vacuum's history from the time of his advent to the town, and being in no mood to view the subject on more sides than one, she easily made all his acts look to the conclusion, which she had already fixed in her own mind, that this purloiner of her daughter's affections must be a dealer with the evil one.

"Who is he?" she asked of herself. "Whence came he? Nobody knows. He dropped from the clouds for aught than any body can tell. That he was wafted through the air in some way seems evident, for the first we knew of him, here he was. And then his apparel: why always dressed in black? None but ministers do that. It shows him a wolf in sheep's clothing. And what did he engage to do, when he first made his appearance? Why, to teach grammar in forty lessons, and writing in twelve. Now who can do these that does not deal with the devil? And I always thought there was something strange in the look of the creature; his eyes are so small, so black, and so near together. Why should he have been made without a beard? If he had not been too much connected with Satan, why would his house have been struck by lightning? It was the only house that had a rod, and yet the only house that was struck. Mischief seems to attend him night and day. Why do I hear such noises, as if

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some one was beating on my house with a trip-hammer, and why does my house jar as if it were coming about my ears: and all this at eleven o'clock at night, and for an hour at a time?"

In short, laying all things together, the beams of the sun could not have rendered any thing clearer to Mrs. Blaxton's physical vision, than this truth appeared to her mental, namely, that Mr. Van Vacuum possessed the powers of witchcraft. She communicated her views to her *helps*, that is, her maid servants, and derived no small satisfaction from the perfect coincidence of their opinion with her own, though it is probable, that, like Polonius in the play, they would have pronounced Mr. Van Vacuum a camel, or a weasel, or a whale, as readily as they yielded him to be a witch, had the same mistress of reason urged the case to their understandings.

They even did more than acquiesce in their landlady's suggestion: they thought it too good a piece of news even to cool in their keeping, and they accordingly communicated it without delay to other helps about town, who, in turn, were careful that the *live robin* should not expire in their hands; and in less than twenty-four hours from the time when the report was first set on foot, it had passed through all the suburbs of Eutopia. There was scarcely one of the more ignorant sort, who could not add some new circum-

stance to the proofs already collected, of Mr. Van Vacuum's diabolical powers and practices; and after the belief became current that he was a wizard, scores of additional proofs were brought forth every day. All the circumstances of the unfortunate teacher seemed to work together in confirmation of his guilt. He was, as we have said before, a small man, who always dressed in black; and, it appears from the records of witchcraft, that the shape in which the evil one very frequently chooses to appear, is that of a little man in black. Then he was often seen with a book in manuscript under his arm, in his journeyings between his lodgings and the school-house; and it is known to be the common mode in which his diabolical majesty forms leagues with his followers, to make them put their names in a book. That Mr. Van Vacuum was taking up subscriptions in this way, there seemed scarce room to doubt.

Among, however, the more intelligent Euto-pians this belief gained little ground. It was opposed in all the usual modes, from scouting up to reasoning. Even members of the church were among the opponents. And in this state of matters, Mrs. Blaxton thought it meet to lay the case before the minister. Now Parson Huminabe happened to be a widower; and it was a stale secret among the town's people, that he and the widow

landlady had found favour in each other's eyes. Whether this were true or not, I cannot undertake to say; and were it true, still less would I undertake even to insinuate, that in the part which he took in this business, he was at all influenced by any partiality for his fair informer. I believe him to have been sincere in his opinion, that it was a sign of declension in the faith, to find members of the church denying the reality of witchcraft—considering it not only as a most heterodox departure from the creed enjoined in Holy Writ; but as the wilful unbelief in well-attested cases of witchcraft related in profane history. It was an eruption of infidelity in a new quarter. “For infidelity, Mistress Blaxton,” said the reverend gentleman, (and it is averred that he never appeared to pronounce the word *Mistress* half so distinctly, or with so much satisfaction, as when his conversation was addressed to his present auditor,) “infidelity, Mrs. Blaxton, I have always compared with an Indian. You never can say you have gained the victory over an infidel, any more than you can boast of conquering an Indian. For, suppose you drive him in front:—he is the next moment in your rear; beat him from his ground in one flank, and he is ready to encounter you on the other: chase him from his highest points, and anon he challenges you to fight in the low grounds. You never know when the warfare is at an end. But

it is the duty of the faithful soldier of Christ never to remit his efforts, or relax his watch; but to head busy infidelity, and put it down, wherever and whenever, and however it makes its appearance. I must preach on the subject. I must give them a sermon that shall forever put the matter to rest."

Mrs. Blaxton, well pleased with the prospect before her, now took her leave; and Parson Huminube having escorted her to the door with rather more flexure of both body and mind, than beseemed a Presbyterian clergyman in those days of rigidity, immediately set himself to work among his concordances, to collect all the passages to be found in both testaments upon the subject of witches, witchcraft, and demonology in general. He took his text from xviii. Deuteronomy, v. 10 and 11. He triumphantly proved that there were among the Jews, men—nay, even women, who practise the magical art which they had learned from the wicked Egyptians, that there were men who had communication with evil spirits, and were enabled by them to effect wonders which no one could achieve by natural means. The old lady of Endor was not forgotten, and he descanted for a long time on her interview with the prophet Samuel. He showed that these practices were strictly prohibited and punished by the Mosaic law even with death. He

quoted a multitude of texts to prove what nobody thought of disputing, and at every pause he broke out into an exclamation against the infidels who denied truths taught us by Holy Writ, and which all Christians were bound to believe. He then proceeded to the New Testament, where not finding texts so directly suited to his purpose, he confined himself to the proofs that it contains of the existence of good and evil spirits, of angels and of devils, without the latter of which, the sin of witchcraft could not be committed.

Thus far he went on swimmingly with his argument, but he was not satisfied with showing that there were wizards and witches in ancient time, and that the devil was sometimes permitted to work mischief upon earth, but he undertook to prove, as he said, by the most irrefragable testimony, that from the death of our Saviour to this time that state of things had continued, was still continuing, and that the evil spirit still held communion with the wicked part of mankind, and by horrible compacts made with them still enabled them to spread terror and desolation among their fellow creatures. And here the learned demonologist was truly eloquent, and we must try to exhibit him as nearly as we can in his own words:—

“The devil,” said he, “my dear friends, began early to assail the virtue of mankind. He made

his first appearance in the form of a serpent, and did a piece of mischief, the effects of which you are, every one of you, suffering to this moment. He began, as you see, from the first commencement of the creation, because such is his disposition, and do you believe, my hearers, that he has changed his nature? no; the scripture shows him from that time to the death of Christ ever busy in tormenting us, wretched mortals; and since that period, my Christian friends, have we not well-attested facts, which undeniably prove that magicians, wizards, witches, enchanters, sorcerers and all their horrible crew, combining and confederating with the arch-enemy, Satan, have continued to infest the world? But infidels, and mind, none but infidels, laugh at these facts, and in their folly dare to deny not only the existence, but the possibility of the existence of wizards and witches.

“Some of them affect to rely upon the silence of the New Testament, and ask if our Saviour, Christ, ever said a word about witchcraft? True, he did not. But let me ask them in their turn; did Christ ever say anything of the new world? And yet do any of you, my hearers, doubt, for that reason, that you do not stand here, in a part of that new world? Did Christ mention the compass? Did Christ mention the printing press? Did Christ—but the objection is too futile for argument.

"Another set of carpers, take up the subject metaphysically. Hobbes is their master. Having taken for granted, what nobody ever did grant, he shows with sufficient cogency, no doubt, that there can be no such thing as witchcraft. Spirit, says he, necessarily implies immateriality, that is, a total negation of matter—or what is the same thing, all the qualities of matter. Therefore, spirit cannot have extension or figure: but, add these nullibists, or I might rather call them cabalists, that which is not extended, can be nowhere, and what is nowhere, can be nothing: and since spirit cannot have extension, therefore spirit is nowhere and nothing. But who ever granted that spirit is a negation of all material attributes? Spirits, such as are mentioned in scripture, and in profane accounts of witchcraft, are confessedly substance of some sort, and capable both of extension and figure: it is a substance, to be sure, vastly finer and more subtle than that of which our own bodies are formed; but still substance—substance too of wonderful attributes—capable of infinite extension and contraction—of endless transformations in shape—penetrating and pervading all other substances; unspeakably more intelligent, and more powerful, than the sons of Adam, who are of dust—this objection, therefore, takes for granted the very thing it dispute.

"There is a host of others, raised up by those,

who think to prove the non-existence of witches, by showing the absurdity of their conduct. But how are we to tell what is, and what is not absurd, in the conduct of beings, of whose principles of action we know nothing—whose motives we cannot ascertain, and whose modes of action are hidden from our eyes. It might be very absurd in a man to conduct as witches do. But how do you know, or how can you tell, that it is absurd in a witch?

“No, my hearers, you are not to look to any metaphysical speculations. You are to look only at the testimony. It is a case, not of reasoning—but of evidence. The recorded instances of witchcraft exist; are they well attested? Were the witnesses people of integrity? And had they a fair opportunity of becoming acquainted with the fact? If so, you are as much bound to believe their testimony as the evidence of your own senses. One well-attested case, is worth a whole library of metaphysical speculation. One well-attested case there is—and dozens much better attested than ninety-nine hundredths of the facts contained in history. Those of you, who have read the account of the Demon of Tedworth, in England—the invisible drummer, that gave rise to the play of that name by the immortal Addison—must be stiff-necked in scepticism, indeed, if you still con-

tinue to doubt the possibility of witchcraft. There, a naked drum, taken from a vagrant, who went about under a counterfeited warrant to exact money for drumming, would of its own accord beat tunes—beat the round-heads or the tat-too—or any thing it was told to beat—and this in the presence of the most respectable witnesses: Sir Thomas Chamberlain of Oxfordshire was one. The whole house and furniture, in which the drum was placed, were also bewitched. Several of the neighbours, with their minister, went on one occasion to be witnesses of the scene; and, while they were in the room, the chairs walked about, the shoes of the children were thrown over their heads, and the bed-staff sent at the minister, whom it struck on the leg. Strange noises were also heard; and this repeatedly, and by persons of unimpeachable credit. Now, is it possible to resist such evidence? Will you give up the testimony of sense to your preconceived notions on the subject of spirit?

“But the common stories of witchcraft, you say, are very improbable—some of them almost impossible. And for that very reason, I answer, you ought to give them credence. They are either facts or fabrications: now, if a man were going about to fabricate a story for the belief of mankind, would he not strive to make it look as

near as possible like every day occurrences? Would he think of fabricating a story without the least appearance of probability.

“Another will say that some of these stories have been disproved. That, I answer, is the best reason for believing the others. Those that were susceptible of disproof have been disproved, and this is the strongest argument for maintaining that such as remain not disproved, were incapable of disproof, or in other words true. *Exceptio probat regulam.*

“No, my beloved hearers, this disbelief in witchcraft is the rankest infidelity, and came from the rankest source of infidelity, the philosopher as he is called, of Malmesbury. Hobbes first shook the faith of Christendom on this subject. It was a part of his general attack upon the Christian religion, to destroy the belief of mankind in the existence of witchcraft; and all his followers have kept up the exterminating war from his time to the present. But it becomes us, my fellow soldiers of the cross, to make a stand upon the ancient ways of our faith; to consider a disbelief in the supernatural influence of demons, and a disbelief in the doctrines of the Christian religion, as one and the same thing; and never to hope that we shall deserve to be held as those who have fought the good fight, if we do not take arms, and resist to the last this host of infidels, who are laying

waste in all directions, the patrimony of the righteous and the faithful.”

Such were the reasonings, good and bad, and such the declamations of Parson Huminube, and whatever might be the effect of such a discourse upon an audience in this our day and generation, there is no doubt that it carried all with it at the time of which we write, and among the people to whom it was delivered. Those of the household of faith, who had declared their incredulity as to witchcraft, found themselves in a sad predicament; and many were detected in explaining what they had previously said, in such a way as to make it consistent with a belief in demoniacal influence.

CHAPTER VI.

I will make a star-chamber matter of it:—the council shall hear it:—it is a riot.

ROBERT SHALLOW, Esquire.

THE storm which had been gathering over Mr. Van Vacuum, was now ready to burst upon his unconscious head: or, to speak in more lowly language, Mrs. Blaxton had now fully determined to bring the “enchanter” of her daughter before the judiciary of Eutopia. At her suit, a warrant was accordingly issued, commanding the constables, without delay, to take Ebenezer Van Vacuum, schoolmaster, and him safely keep, to abide his trial before the justices for divers witchcrafts, sorceries, enchantments, and necromancies.

The warrant, however, was directed to no particular individual of the constabulary body; and no particular individual seemed to be over solicitous to take any part in the caption of a witch. Like the persons invited to the wedding feast, the greater number of them had some excuse; and the warrant passed from hand to hand, until it came to that of Master Lacon Irongrip, a man of as few fears as he could well possess, and be a man—a creature

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purely of business and action—one who scarcely used his tongue more frequently than the tenants of our deaf and dumb asylums: a Pythagorean, who held the ancient opinion, that the flat hand is eloquence, and the fist logic. And he had a pair of hands that truly spoke for themselves, and fully justified their owner in this view of the subject. Indeed, his whole frame was of an eloquent and logical make. Every part of it was on a large scale; the bone rather predominating over the flesh; though he had muscle enough to make himself well understood, and to argue down any man about town, when debate arose, in which bone and muscle must decide the question.

Thus qualified for an office, which, in truth, chiefly requires that species of ratiocination of which he was master, Constable Irongrip received the warrant against Van Vacuum, precisely as he received all other papers of the same kind, which came to hand—without bestowing much thought on the nature of the case. He raised his eye-brows a little higher than usual, as the word *witchcraft* struck the organ of sight; but a sense of duty, which had become almost mechanical, prevented him from entertaining any of those apprehensions that had disturbed the weaker nerves of his brethren in office. It was, also, one of his excellencies as an officer, that he took every thing contained in a legal paper in its strongest and

most literal sense; and the words *without delay*, in a warrant, had always possessed an imperative efficacy upon his conscience little short of the injunctions in Holy Writ. It was, therefore, a part of the same movement to receive the warrant against Van Vacuum, and to set his feet in the direction of the school-house.

He found the destined prisoner busily employed at his table, in compiling the precious materials of his book of travels, one volume of which had been completed and lay open before him. The officer of justice strode into the room—stopped—looked stedfastly at the honest scribe, while he “shook his ambrosial curls” towards the door—throwing out in a jerk, at the same time and in the same direction, his left arm, unfolding his broad hand, and pronouncing the words, “my prisoner!”

“Your prisoner!” echoed Van Vacuum, who was always ready to postpone any selfish considerations, for the sake of enlightening the benighted colonists—“Your prisoner! so little do you Americans know of your duty. No man is a prisoner, sir, until he is arrested, until he has been clapped on the shoulder.” In laying down which piece of law, the speaker rose from his seat with a dignity befitting the occasion.

The hand of Irongrip had been aching to do

this part of his office; but to tell the truth, although no believer in witchcraft, he had been something loth to touch a person who was accused of it. He now, however, boldly advanced to the learned expounder of the law of arrest, and performed the necessary ceremony, in such a way, that the prisoner's first thought was, that he had been crushed to the floor—his second, that at least a pound of flesh had been wrenched from his shoulders; for Irongrip, not content with laying his hand on that part, by no means *leviter et moliter*, must needs clench it as it fell; the advocate for clapping sent up a full round O, in token of consciousness. Irongrip merely said with a grin somewhat malignant, "satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" returned the other, bustling up and sticking his arms akimbo. "How can I be satisfied, sir, with a proceeding of this sort? I beg leave to know, sir, for what is it that I am arrested in this way?"

"I guess *that* could tell," answered the officer, pointing his finger to the manuscript volume, already mentioned as lying on the table; and which he took for the prisoner's book of contracts with the evil one.

"What, a libel, sir!" ejaculated Van Vacuum. "For a libel?—Have you arrested me for a libel?—It is no such thing. Publication—it is the

established law, sir—publication is necessary to constitute a libel; and that book has never been published.”

“Been shown to enough,” dryly replied the officer.

“Enough!” said the prisoner, “what do you know about enough? I know what you think—but you are mistaken. You think, that showing to one is a sufficient publication. But, sir, that doctrine is not settled, sir, I have attended the courts at Westminster Hall, sir, and ought to know—and do know, it is not established law, that showing to one is enough; and I have shown no part of this book to any person but Miss Mary Blaxton; and I don’t believe Miss Mary Blaxton would betray me.”

“A cloud have seen it—and will testify,” answered Irongrip. “More——”

And, here again, he cast his hand, and for a second, his eyes towards the door—but that second was sufficient to allow Mr. Van Vacuum, who was quick in his motions, to make his escape—that is, to whip around the end of a large double writing desk, which, extending from one side of the room to the other, divided it in a measure, into two compartments; the only communication between which, was effected by a narrow passage at each extremity of this piece of furniture. The teacher’s table stood near that extre-

mity, which was farthest from the door; and, as Irongrip looked towards the latter, he darted through the passage, and was safe on the opposite side of the desk.

The officer made a convulsive spring in pursuit; but found that his huge bulk so clogged the passage, that the time which he must occupy in making his way through it, would enable his prisoner to dodge around the other end of the desk, and gain the door. He, therefore, returned to his own side of the house, and took a deliberate survey of the topography of the place. He was in a straight—as all who knew him might have told from one infallible sign: he had a trick, in all such cases of shooting out his lips; and his labial muscles were now in full play. He saw no mode of retaking his prisoner, but that of mounting the desk, and thus commanding the whole ground. To mount the desk was not so easy an achievement in a man of Mr. Irongrip's dimensions and ponderation. He made the experiment; but, by the time he had succeeded in gaining the summit, Mr. Van Vacuum was rapidly passing the end of the desk nearest the door, and must have escaped, had not the constable by an extraordinary effort of power, half scrambled, and half rolled, from his position.

He now betook himself to his dialectics. He showed Mr. Van Vacuum first one fist, then the

other, then both together—giving his head certain shakings, to “ratify and confirm” what was stipulated by his hands. All this, however, only excited the imitative powers of the worthy schoolmaster, who shook his fists and his head in turn, and at length broke out in the pride of security—

“Ah! ha! Mr. Constable, the battle you see is not to the strong.”

“No,” retorted Irongrip; “nor the race to the swift, Mr. Schoolmaster;” for a new plan dawned upon him, which he straightway proceeded to put in execution. It was to step to the table, seize the manuscript volume above-mentioned, screw it tightly under his arm, and make a show of leaving the premises. He was not mistaken. At one bound the agile little man cleared the writing desk, and at a second, was by the side of Irongrip, with his eager hands upon the dear treasure of his observations and inventions relating to America.

“I yield, Mr. Constable,” said he, “I yield: I am your prisoner: but for the love of heaven give me my book. Don’t take my book: take that and you ruin me. Books are not liable to arrest; though I do know, that, after Cromwell’s usurpation, it was held that books might be burnt, as well as men hanged for treason. But that time has gone by. Books can’t be arrested. Let me

have my book, good fellow, let me have my book, and you may lead me with a hair."

During this speech, he made violent but ineffectual efforts to wrench the volume from under the tenacious arm of Irongrip, who barely repeated, as the speaker ran on with his petition, "well then! well then!"—At last he yielded the volume; but, as that departed from his grasp, he secured the skirts of Mr. Van Vacuum's coat.

"Take the book," said he. "The farther from me the better: a lying witchcraft book, they say: a refuge of lies—Satan's book, that was a liar from the beginning, and the father of it."

This is supposed to be the longest speech ever made by Mr. Irongrip. It evidently occasioned great strain to his organs in its utterance; and was uttered in a single breath, or, what might more properly be called, one continued grunt.

The prisoner was now suffered to make a hasty disposition of his affairs in the school-house; the constable, with his hand firmly clenched upon the skirts of his coat, following him from place to place, and looking like the overgrown appendix to a modern book. At length they sallied into the street; the inexorable officer still retaining his hold on the garment of his prisoner. When they had advanced a little way, the incipient congregation of boys and idle persons, together with the

apparition of too many heads at the windows of neighbouring houses, began to make the man of letters feel strongly the indignity of his situation.

"Stop," said he, "Mr. Constable—I want to talk to you."

"Talk to that," answered the officer, holding out the hand that was at liberty, and making no abatement in his pace. After proceeding a few rods further, it occurred to the prisoner, that an *American* Magistrate must, of course, make some blunder in a warrant, which would be fatal to its validity; and he, therefore, said to Constable Iron-grip—

"I have a right, sir, to see the warrant by virtue of which I have been arrested."

"Truth," returned the other; who, though impenetrable to any appeals founded on general humanity or justice, was touched and subdued, at once by any thing official. He stopped short, and put the warrant into the hands of the prisoner. The latter perused it with the quick eye of a practiced reader, and with the eager attention of one, who hopes to detect a flaw. Presently his muscles began to gather in a smile; and he burst out—

"Why, it is not for a libel!—Ha! ha! ha!—A good joke!—Taken for a witch!—Ha!"—Here the speaker's mirth was suddenly quenched by the

recollection of what had taken place between himself and the constable.

"But, Mr. Constable," he continued, rising into a strain of fierce solemnity, "this is carrying jokes too far. A joke is well enough in its place; but, when it is carried to this length, I'll tell you I don't like it: and, sir, I insist upon knowing who has prevailed on you to abuse me in this manner. I'll have satisfaction—Arrest me for a witch!"

And here, he held up the warrant between his thumbs and fingers, in the act of tearing it to pieces.

"Tear it," said Irongrip, "into as many pieces as you please—I'll tear you into as many."

The prisoner took another look at it. "Signed," he read aloud, "'signed Lubricus Slygrave, J. P.' How do I know, sir, that this is Justice Slygrave's hand."

"Do you know whose hand *that* is?" asked the officer, showing him one of his own in a way that called to mind his former brotherly grip.

"Move!" continued the officer; and the prisoner reluctantly obeyed. But finding the constable so unsociable a companion, he kept up the vent of his mind by talking to himself.

"I'll make the town of Eutopia sweat for this: it shall be better for Sodom and Gomorrah. When my sovereign hears that this town, planted by the

tender care of its mother-country—reared under her benign auspices—defended by her arms—fostered by her protection—furnished by her industry with every thing valuable that it possesses, owing in short her origin, her continuance, her increase, her every thing to her kind and watchful parent, England: when my sovereign shall hear that this town has repaid all his, and his predecessors' favours, by taking up one of his unoffending subjects as a witch, and parading him through her streets amidst a rabblement of boys, old and young. Sir, I insist upon it," continued the speaker, turning upon his driver; "I insist upon it, that you read the riot act, and disperse this mob."

But Constable Irongrip made no further answer than to continue his straight-forward course, at the hazard of walking his prisoner under foot. They soon reached the place, very facetiously denominated the *Stone Jug*; and Eutopia completed her ingratitude by placing this son of the mother-country under the sub-guardianship of the jailer. But a padlock upon his mouth could not have arrested his tongue. He continued to spirt sentences concerning the beneficence of England, and the ingratitude of the colonists. The jailer was amused with the humour of the man, and remained for some time on the outside of the door of his apartment to witness his manœuvres, and hear his

ejaculations. He kept up a constant rumbling noise as he paced the room; and once in a few minutes, when he had become too full for retention, he advanced to the diamond aperture in the door, and discharged himself upon the keeper.

Let us leave him exhaling his passion for a while, and return to Captain Homebred.

CHAPTER VII.

Dancing, (bright lady,) then began to be,
 When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
 The fire, air, earth, and water did agree,
 By Love's persuasion, Nature's mighty king,
 To leave their first disorder'd combating;
 And in a dance such measure to observe
 As all the world their motion should preserve.

Since when they still are carried in a round,
 And changing come one in another's place,
 Yet do they neither mingle, nor conform,
 But every one doth keep the bounded space
 Wherein the dance doth bid it turn or trace:
 This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
 For dancing is Love's proper exercise.

DAVIES.

IF the maxim of law be sound, that common error makes right—or if we may rely upon the more enlarged principle of ethics that what is practised among all nations, must have the divine sanction in its favour—there seem to be few customs better entitled to the approbation of mankind, than that, which the poet calls the proper exercise of Love. All nations have had music of some kind; and have also discovered some mode of measuring the time of a tune by the mo-

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tions of their bodies. Among the American aborigines, dancing appears to be not only "Love's proper exercise"—but in some sense, also the proper exercise of war. They dance when they are going out to fight their enemies; and they dance again when they return to their friends. When, however, our efforts for their civilization shall have succeeded, we shall doubtless see them follow in the track of all other nations. The habits of civilized life will make them less vigorous, more luxurious, and consequently more indolent: they will fall upon some less laborious mode of celebrating important events; and from dancing will probably take to dining. This appears to be the natural course of things; and, though we Americans have been exposed to jokes, not a few, for what has been supposed a singular custom of eating and drinking in honour of all extraordinary occasions, it will not be found that we differ in this from other nations equally advanced in civilization, whether ancient or modern. Take an example. When the companions of Æneas had eaten their trenchers, and Jupiter had thundered thrice, and shook a red cloud in the sky, the rumour ran through the Trojan camp, that the day had come in which they were to found the walls of their future empire; and to celebrate so auspicious a day, what was the first impulse of their minds?—Why to eat a dinner:—See Virgil, lib. vii. v. 144—8:

Deditur hic subito Trojana per agmina rumor,
 Advenisse diem, quo debita moenia condant.
Certatim instaurant epulas, atque omine magno.
 Crateras læti statuunt, et vina coronant.

Soon through the joyous camp a rumour flew,
 The time was come their city to renew.
 Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
 The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

DRYDEN.

The American Indians had not, however, *progressed* to this stage of refinement at the time of which we treat; and, by the time we shall have brought them to civilization, it is to be feared, there will not be an individual left to eat a dinner at all. The Mingoes have already dwindled to a few degenerate spirits; who, looking at the prospect before them of inevitable extinction as a body, and comparing it with the situation of their fathers at the time when they performed that dance in the Stranger's House, of which I am about to give some account, have been driven to drown their anguish in habitual inebriation. Christianity has not been sufficiently potent even to check their downward career; for Christianity, in truth, they have never felt, nor even understood.

We have already said, that a missionary resided among them at the time when Homebred was their prisoner. He was a French Catholic; and, whatever truth there may be in the remark often made, that the French easily become domesticated

among savages, it is a fact that the clergyman in question frequently told Homebred, he was much more in danger of being converted by the Indians, than they were of being converted by him. Homebred had a fair opportunity of witnessing the success of preaching to such a people, on the day preceeding the night, in which he was to receive a Mingo name, and be present at a Mingo dance.

The recent heathenish sacrifice at the temple, and the present preparations for festivities, had alarmed the missionary for the fate of the little flock of converts, whom he had induced to segregate themselves from the main body of the nation. He accordingly collected them in the Stranger's House; and employed them in religious exercises for a good part of the day. Having already endeavoured to instil into their minds just notions of the true Deity, he now thought them sufficiently prepared to comprehend the mysteries of the fall and of the passion. He went through the history of the creation and of paradise—told his hearers that God placed our original parents in the latter happy place: but forbade them to eat of the fruit of a certain tree; for if they eat thereof, they should surely die. But they disobeyed: they did eat, and did die; that is, mortality fell upon them and their posterity forever: "which," he added, "is called the *fall*." Here an aged squaw, who, among other things, was held something of an adept in the healing art, in order at once to

show her acquiescence in the missionary's doctrine, and to confirm one, which she had always maintained without effect, interrupted the preacher:

“Just so,” said she, “good white man preacher: I always said it: nothing so bad as fruit. When the wild plums get ripe, Mingoes will, in spite of all Sago can say, will eat, and eat, and eat. Sago warns them and warns them, but still they will eat. Will—they eat—eat themselves full—full up to the chin: then they get sick: then they want Sago to cure them: then Sago can't: then they *fall*, as good white man preacher says: then they stretch out and die. White man right: good preaching: Sago very glad to hear it: bad—bad—bad—very bad thing fruit—wild plums in particular.”

The missionary dared not look Homebred in the face, who stood exerting all his mastery over his muscles, to prevent himself from exploding; and truly had the preacher thrown a single glance at him, it would have operated like a match upon a mass of gunpowder. But that good man had too great a veneration for his calling, to afford the slightest opportunity, much less to give any countenance to levity in a proceeding like the present: for, had one white man laughed at another on such an occasion, the Indians, who are quick witted and suspicious, would at once have set down the whole business for a trick. The missionary, therefore,

preserved a steady aspect, and took care not to encounter the wicked eyes of Captain Homebred.

The history of the fall, however, meeting with so novel an interpretation on the part of old Sago, he deemed it prudent to change the subject, and try the passion of our Saviour. With much gravity and even pathos, he proceeded to relate the circumstances of his birth, subsequent adventures, and death: how he was born in a stable, with no cradle but the manger: how he was persecuted and buffeted of the world, mocked, made to wear a crown of thorns, and, at last ignominiously put to death upon the cross, between two thieves. As the good man uttered the last words of the touching story, a warrior of middle age, who had given it his most eager attention, sprang upon his feet, flourished his tomahawk, and exclaimed—

“Would I had been there: I would have revenged his death, and brought away the scalps of all his enemies!”

“Worse and worse,” reflected the prudent missionary, and not daring to trust himself any farther in the exposition of the scriptures in the presence of the captain, he brought the conference to a short conclusion. It was a considerable time after the converts had left the house ere he could persuade himself to meet the looks of Homebred; but an overpowering sense of the ridiculous at last got the better of his scruples. He turned

his eye upon the captain: both burst on the instant, and relieved themselves by a hearty laugh.

"Did you," asked Homebred, when the first flow of glee had subsided, "did you observe the head-gear of the warrior, who would have scalped the crucifiers." The missionary replied, that he had not particularly remarked it.

"Why," said the captain, "it was a white man's stocking drawn over his head, and studded with silver broaches. Now, he understands about as much the principles of our religion as he does of the purposes of that garment; which, instead of pulling it over his foot, he has stuck upon his head."

During these exercises of the converted Indians, the other members of the tribe were still more assiduously engaged in preparations for the approaching ceremony of naming the white man, and of holding a dance in honour of the occasion. The principal labours of the toilette consisted in the application of paints to their faces and their garments. Some of the Mingo *exquisites* were busied nearly the whole day upon their faces alone. They were extremely fastidious. They laid on their colours in one way: that would never do: the first layer was therefore rubbed off, and another substituted: that again was not to their fancy: and so they continued rubbing off, and re-laying, amending, erasing, and retouching before their isinglass mirrors, until the greater part of

the day had passed. At last evening came, and the company began to assemble. The captain was taken by surprise at their first appearance: he judged that they must have come to treat him with a masquerade, so completely metamorphosed and disguised were the countenances of the whole tribe. Not a single "human face divine" appeared among them all, except that of Tassa, to whom her father had prohibited paint, in consequence of its ruinous effects upon the skin. For the rest there was scarcely a beast of the field, or a fowl of the air, the head or body of which might not have been found painted in their faces or upon their garments; and painted too, with very considerable skill: insomuch that the captain thought he had never before conceived so just an idea of the singular appearance, which the various animals of the earth must have made as they entered two by two into Noah's ark. The faces of some were painted so as to resemble the heads of several beasts or birds at once, according to the aspect in which they were viewed. That of one dandy, for instance, showed a ravenous wolf in the front view: in one profile the head of an eagle; in the other, that of a salmon-trout. The greater number was habited in a stuff of *home manufacture*; a web of feathers of various sorts and hues woven together, by means of a kind of twine, obtained from the nettle or wild hemp. When the feathers were fantastically disposed, this cloth, in itself, was

sufficiently gaudy; but the feathers were sometimes painted with rich and bright colours before they were put into the web; and in other cases, figures of various kinds were drawn upon the cloth after it had been fabricated. Here lay coiled the deadly rattlesnake—there prowled the wolf—in one place you might see the busy and laborious tortoise making his awkward way over the ground—in another, the light-headed swallow wheeling in easy circles through the air. The wealthier sort of females had also clusters of small round brass bells which were attached to their ancles,* for the purpose of enhancing the noise, and perhaps, of attracting attention, while numbers of the men had similar clusters of deer's hoofs attached to the same part of the body, and intended for the like purpose.

Skenedo was seated at the upper end of the hall, where, also, two other chiefs seated themselves—that is, squatted upon the floor—one upon his right, and the other on his left. He was himself installed in his own chair, made of the jaw bones of the mammoth, which had been conveyed to the stranger's house for this purpose. He was

* It is said that the Spanish women sometimes fasten little brass bells to their wrists and ancles when they dance, which they call *cascabeles*. The same, I believe, is done by the dancing girls in the East Indies. This similarity of customs affords a wide field to the antiquaries who are intent on discovering the origin of the American population.—EURROZ.

also provided with an instrument of music, resembling the drum; being the section of a hollow tree, made thin and smooth, and fitted with heads of skins dressed in the usual way. This instrument was placed between his legs, and beaten with a single stick; there being no difference in the rapidity or force of the strokes; but all monotonously yielding the same sound, at the same interval of time.

The two other chiefs were armed with contrivances somewhat more novel—they were the shells of land-tortoises, filled with pebbles, closed at the extremities, and provided with handles, inserted in the ends, where the animals, when alive, performed the operation of protruding and retracting their heads. These, when thumped on the floor, in unison with the drumstick, made a good deal of noise; and among a savage people, noise and music are nearly synonymous terms.

The ceremony of the nomination commenced with a sort of *grand overture* upon the drum and tortoise-shells, accompanied in full chorus by all the throats present, neither male nor female seeking to be excused, on account of bad colds; but all heartily contributing their mite of sound; the fine and feeble notes of the women mingling with the coarse, powerful voices of the men, and producing with the jingle of their bells, and the rattle of the deer's hoofs, the most singular compound

of noises that ever vexed the tympanum of a civilized ear, unless, perhaps, it be the celebrated English music of marrow-bones and cleavers, or the music of pans and kettles, which in polished France is called *charivari*.* Captain Homebred who was placed in the midst, again imagined himself in the ark; and that all the beasts and birds, congregated from the four quarters of the globe, were holding what in his day was called a *consort*. This, however, was a first impression; and in justice to the aborigines, it must be confessed, that in time, the ear is able to distinguish even in their wild and incoherent warblings, somewhat of a coarse and not unpleasant harmony.

At a slight flourish of Skenedo's drum-stick, the whole assembly started into motion; the females merely shifting their weight from foot to foot, in unison with the strokes of the drum; the men leaping into the air, with all their agility, and settling again upon the floor with both feet; some of the more elegant, twisting their bodies, brandishing their arms, and screwing up

* When an unequal match, in point of age, takes place in France, this delectable music is executed, on the wedding night, at the door of the happy couple; the mob and the boys, who assemble on such occasions in great numbers, bellowing with all their might, *charivari—toute la nuit*. This continues until a handsome gratuity is sent down to the performers to make them desist.—EDITOR.

their countenances in a manner truly killing. A second flourish of the drum-stick, produced another series of motions in lateral directions: male began to separate from female: something like regularity began to appear; and, to use the beautiful allusion of Davies, order soon danced out of chaos. The company became arranged into two circles, of both which Homebred was the centre; the exterior being of men, the interior of women. Both rings began to circulate about the captain; but in opposite directions; it being supposed by some that this arrangement was adopted, that the two sexes might the more conveniently enjoy the light of each other's countenances: but I hold it to be one of those customs, for which no reason can or ought to be assigned. In this way a deal of noisy breath was uttered, and much muscular power expended, both of feet and lungs.

A third signal from the drum-stick reduced the whole assembly to sudden silence and to a sudden stand. Skenedo stood up and thrice pronounced with a loud voice, the name of the white man—"Yohahomino—Yohahomino—Yohahomino," which was caught up by the tribe, and resounded through the house, with an apparent reinforcement of pulmonary vigour. The dance and song recommenced; and every syllable and letter of the white man's name was ejaculated by all present, through all the modulations of their respective

voices, from the lowest key to the highest.* The ceremony became tedious, but at last had an end. At a signal from Skenedo, all the males and married people withdrew from the immediate sphere of the ceremony; which, according to the arrangement made beforehand, was to be concluded by the young daughters of the Mingo tribe. All knew that the white man was now to choose a wife; but none knew except the white man himself and Skenedo that he was now to make trial of the dispositions of Toxus in relation to Tassa.

The Mingo damsels danced once or twice around; when, as Tassa came opposite to her father, Homebred stepped up, and reached forth his hand to take her's—but Toxus bolted from his place—dashed the captain aside, with his left hand—raised his right; and although no weapon had previously been seen about his person, the gleaming steel now vibrated in his hand. It seemed as if he had caught it in the air; but, in point of fact, it had been concealed in his garment, with the handle in his hand, during the whole evening. No sooner,

* My late friend, Dr. Leatherworm, maintained, that this name must have been very much corrupted by tradition and other causes; that in fact, as it now stands, it is not Indian at all; though by a few metatheses and substitutions, it might be easily transformed into the word, which from its meaning—namely, *He-fired-the-grass*, or the *grass burner*—was undoubtedly the genuine name given to Homebred.

however, had he made this movement, than Tassa hung—literally hung—upon his uplifted arm; for, being of a fragile form, as she sprang up and caught his arm with both hands, she was fairly suspended from the floor.

“Toxus,” said she, in her child-like accent, and with a steadiness of voice that argued little perturbation of mind—“Toxus!—brother Toxus!—what harm has the white man done to you, Toxus? he’s alone, Toxus.”

The clear and quiet tones of her voice sounded of things long past. Toxus bent his eyes upon her. To be called brother—to have so many old recollections summoned up by that name and that voice—to see Tassa hanging upon that arm which had so often carried her over rock and rivulet—all these things compared with present circumstances, produced a state of feeling in the sturdy barbarian, which can only be described by its effects. The bulky muscles of his eye-brows, with their long, coarse, black hair, rushed downward, and seemed to fill up the whole cavities of the eyes. His lips, drawn together and compressed upon his teeth, exhibited a slightly tremulous motion. His head descended upon his chest. His hand relaxed its grasp, and the knife dropped upon the floor. He raised his head, turned towards the door and strode out, lest the Mingoes

should see in his face that sight the most dastardly and disgraceful in an Indian eye—a *tear*.

This occurrence dissolved the assembly; and, one after the other, the revellers took their way homeward. Skenedo continued to occupy his seat, and Captain Homebred continued to stand, not exactly with folded arms, but with one arm laid upon the other. As the last of the party disappeared through the door, both turned their eyes upon each other, and, by a kind of ludicrous coincidence, both commenced shaking their heads at the same instant; Skenedo to intimate that Toxus, as was now plainly proved, would never suffer the white man to wed Tassa; and Homebred, in the way of rebuking the old chief for taking away his arms, and thus exposing him to the steel of the treacherous Toxus. There was a double mistake. Homebred supposed that Skenedo was also shaking his head with chagrin, that Toxus should have carried a concealed weapon into such a carousal: and Skenedo had no doubt that the captain was agreeing with him, that the design of uniting himself with Tassa must be abandoned. To this meaning he spoke:—

“No—it will never do: Skenedo told you so—and which of the others do you like best?”

“None of them,” answered Homebred, with the surly brevity of a man displeased.

"But you must make choice, white man," returned the chief.

"I have made my choice already," again answered Homebred; "but I see not what difference it can make, whether I choose or not if I am to be submitted defenceless to the perfidious knife of this Toxus."

"But Toxus will never suffer you to wed Tassa, white man."

"How will he help it, if you say the word?—unless you take away my arms, and let him cut my throat wherever he may meet me?"

"Toh! toh! toh!—you talk wild, white man: you are getting angry with Skenedo, your best friend."

"Is it a part of your system of friendship, old man, knowing, as you must do, the treacherous nature of Toxus—is it a part of your friendship to put a prisoner in a situation which exposes him to the butcher-knife, bound, as it were, hand and foot; for my limbs would be of little service without weapons."

"White man," said the other, becoming serious, "Skenedo cannot follow up his people, and thrust his hand into their bosoms, to ascertain whether they carry weapons. Toxus well knows the law; and nobody but he would have dared to break it. I did not dream that he would dare to break

it; but since Skenedo has avowed the principle that the majority governs, Toxus dares and does almost any thing with impunity."

"Old man," said Homebred somewhat softened by this frank explanation, "I am afraid you will think me what white men call a bully—one that talks much, but does nothing: if so, I wish you would try me as white men sometimes try bullies—give them an opportunity of making good their words, and enjoy their cowardice and confusion. This Toxus appears to delight in war and mischief: he lives only to do harm; and the sooner he ceases to live the better. For myself, I see not why I should desire to live. My life brings neither pleasure nor profit to myself or others. My death would bring neither sorrow nor harm to any individual under heaven. To speak in your own way, it would make no more difference with the things of this world than it would be to throw a pebble in the midst of the great waters—besides if I do live I cannot and will not live perpetually exposed to the perfidy and pernicious influence of this Toxus. A struggle between us must come first or last, and it had better come at once. We shall only keep the nation in continual turmoil—and the strife that must end one or both of us, will come at last. Let it take place now, when both parties are ripe for it. One at least must fall; and if either falls, the peace of the tribe will

be in some measure secured. Should it be both, or should it chance to be Toxus, you will have got rid of a pest, and may again resume your salutary control over the affairs of the nation."

"Very good speech, white man—very good—but all wrong," said Skenedo. "You will make great speeches in our council, white man; but Skenedo too often finds that the greatest speeches are made on the wrong side of the question. There must be no fighting, white man, Skenedo will not permit it. He would set a good example before his people, to let Toxus and the white man fight for his daughter. No, white man, we must go and find you a wife elsewhere—that is the Indian custom. If a prisoner can't find a wife among the tribe that took him, they carry him to some other nation, where he may suit himself better."

"But I *can* find a wife here Skenedo:—I *have* found one; but you refuse to let me take her."

"You can't have her, white man: you see, you can't have her:—you know you can't have her, you are very stubborn, prisoner."

"Prisoner I am, old man," said Homebred, "but do you think it generous, to put the thing so often in my mind?"

"Yes—when you so often put it out of your mind, white man, Skenedo must speak; and white man must hear. Skenedo is no enemy to the white man; but the white man must hear Skenedo

speak. White man must go with Skenedo where they have better wives. It is far off; but white man must go; and Skenedo makes this promise to the white man, that if white man cannot get a wife there, he may come back and take Tassa. Will that do, white man?"

"It must, I suppose," answered Homebred. "At all events, I shall make no objections, Skenedo. Indeed, from henceforth, I make no more objections to any thing. And, upon second look, I think, considering all things, I have some reason to be ashamed of myself for losing my temper in this business. I neither know what I should do with myself, nor what should be done with me; and, even if I did, what right have I to say or to do any thing about it? Therefore, Skenedo, I mean hereafter to be a very good prisoner—do all you say—and be very quiet—as far as in me lies. But white man may break out sometimes, Skenedo."

"O yes," said the latter. "Skenedo likes it—shows brave man: but Skenedo must say, and white man must do."

"Certainly," answered the prisoner. "And will Skenedo please to say, now when we are to start on this wife-hunting expedition?"

"To-morrow, white man. To-morrow the Mingoes hold their sports upon the great green.

All the tribe will be there. Skenedo must be there too. But when the warriors get engaged in playing the ball, Skenedo may get off unseen; and white man must slip away, too, and meet Skenedo at the place where he met the Black Bear. Do you remember that place, white man?" asked the old man, just ready to renew his bursts of laughter, at the interview between the white man and the doctor.

Homebred made no answer, as he knew none was expected. But one thing puzzled him; and he began somewhat to regret his vow of silence and submission. "If," said he to himself, "if it be the Indian custom, to carry a prisoner to some other nation, when he cannot find a wife among the tribe that took him, what need of this secrecy?—this slipping off?" He wished mainly to lay this matter before the old man; but he was restrained by his promise:—and, upon second thought, it struck him that his own case did not come exactly within the reason of the custom; since it was not true, that he was unable to find a wife among the Mingoes:—the only difficulty was to procure the consent of the father. "If therefore," said he mentally, "the journey were undertaken openly, the tribe might interfere on this ground; and he's a cunning old fox—he knows it."

Satisfied with this deduction, Homebred suffered the discourse to die in Skenedo's hands. Tassa, in the meantime, had been sitting near the door of the house, beyond the hearing of the parties, patiently waiting for the company of her father. Her father now relieved her from duty; and both departed for home.

CHAPTER VIII.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it
 Their perch and not their terror.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

WE are come again to Eutopia. Notwithstanding the wrathful objurgations of Mr. Van Vacuum, it would be difficult to find, in the early relations of England with her colonists, any thing conferred by the former that would create much obligation, or any thing required by the latter, which implied much dependance. The planters of the American commonwealth felt that title to self-government, which is the only legitimate foundation of worldly dominion. They had reclaimed a wilderness, surrounded with new and unspeakable hazards and hardships: they had incorporated their labour—mixed their very sweat and blood with the soil: the country had become, as it were, a portion of themselves; and opposition to all attempts at encroachment or control from abroad, was, in some measure, a species of self-defence. The English claim to sovereignty in the new world, founded, as it was, upon a mere bird's

eye survey of the coast, never experienced a very welcome reception here; and an anecdote, related by Trumbull, will serve to illustrate the state of colonial allegiance, among the people, with whom we are now more particularly concerned, as far back as the year 1692.

In that year Colonel Benjamin Fletcher was made governor of New York, and invested by the mother-country with the command of all the military power of Connecticut. The assembly of the latter province, however, refused to recognise his authority over their militia, and Colonel Benjamin Fletcher accordingly proceeded to Hartford, under the expectation, that, to enforce obedience, nothing more was necessary than to show himself. How far his actual presence amended the case, the venerable historiographer of Connecticut must relate in his own words.

“The trainbands of Hartford assembled, and, as the tradition is, while Captain Wadsworth, the senior officer, was walking in front of the companies, and exercising the soldiers, Colonel Fletcher ordered his commissions and instructions to be read. Captain Wadsworth instantly commanded ‘beat the drums;’ and there was such a roaring of them that nothing else could be heard. Colonel Fletcher commanded silence. But no sooner had Bayward made an attempt to read again, than Wadsworth commands ‘drum, drum, I say.’ The

drummers understood their business, and instantly beat up with all the art and life of which they were masters. 'Silence, silence,' says the Colonel. No sooner was there a pause than Wadsworth speaks with great earnestness, 'drum, drum, I say,' and turning to his excellency, said, 'if I am interrupted again I will make the sun shine through you in a moment.' He spoke with such energy in his voice, and meaning in his countenance, that no further attempts were made to read or enlist men. Such numbers of people collected together, and their spirits appeared so high, that the governor and his suite judged it expedient soon to leave the town, and return to New York."

But the original colonists, who were so little awed by the king's warrant, backed by the presence of Colonel Benjamin Fletcher—who seemed so insensible to the gracious condescension of his majesty in taking unto himself, in this manner, the care of their military concerns—were destined in turn to experience the same species of ingratitude, though not so open and violent, from those new settlements, of which they themselves were the parent colonies. This was particularly the case in New England. Many of her towns being settled by congregations of seceders from the original planters, and, in addition to the other circumstances calculated to inspire independence, being easily led, from the assertion of the right of

self-government, in religious matters, to the assertion of the same right in matters civil—were not likely to exhibit any decided symptoms of servility in respect of their relations with the bodies from which they sprang. For a long time, they felt little other rule than that which was exercised by their clergyman; and, for a still longer period, the want of a regular and extended code of laws, by leaving too much to the discretion of the magistracy, threw almost all the civil administration into the hands of the latter.

This state of things, indeed, continued for such a length of time, that, even after crimes had been enumerated and defined with considerable accuracy, and punishments had been reduced to certainty and precision, the magistrates still felt a strong propension to act upon the old principle of “doing what is right between man and man;” to practice a “virtue beyond the law;” or, as Pope has it,

“To match a grace beyond the rules of art.”

Insomuch, that, even within the present century, a worthy esquire of a city, which, as long ago as ——— was called *oppidum splendidum*, having a case of assault and battery brought before him, decided after mature deliberation, that the defendant should be fined for committing the assault, and the prosecutor, for provoking it—a mode of proceeding, which, whatever may be thought of it by the learn-

ed jurisconsult, must at least, have this said in its favour—that if it be not so admirably calculated to discourage assaults and batteries, it will most effectually prevent trouble to the magistrate and expense to the commonwealth, by discouraging prosecutions for the same.

So, witchcraft being a capital offence, Mr. Van Vacuum was, in strict law, entitled to be tried by a jury of his peers: but the minister and magistrates of Eutopia, for reasons best known to themselves, and which will be presently made known to the reader—determined that he should be tried by three justices; and that as the offence, being denounced in scripture, would very properly fall within ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the clergyman of the place should superintend the trial; or, in more definite terms, that the trial should be held in the meeting-house; that Parson Huminube should sit in the pulpit during its progress—should open the court with prayer—go through the ceremony of delivering to the presiding justice, the old and nearly obsolete laws of Connecticut, printed in 16—, of which he alone of all the Eutopians, possessed a copy—and do any other acts, which, in his wisdom, might seem proper, but that they should have no particular effect in the advancement or result of the cause.

The justiciars of Eutopia were induced to make this arrangement chiefly from the following con-

siderations : should the accused be tried by a jury of his peers, they could only take into view the single given crime of witchcraft; and could find no other verdict than that of *guilty* or *not guilty* of this specific offence; as the court, also, could inflict no other punishment than that prescribed by law—namely, death.

But, should he be tried by three justices, they might adjudge him guilty of some offence inferior to witchcraft, though, perhaps, likewise calculated to disturb the quiet of society; and then exercising that discretion, which seemed the immemorial privilege of their ancient and honourable order, they might impose such a penalty as would rid the town of a present nuisance, and be a warning to all nuisances to come. Should the general court animadvert upon this departure from the regular course, Parson Huminube had been connected with the proceeding; and as he was connected with that body of men, whose sway at that time was almost complete, both in church and state; they, by reason of his participation in the business, if from no other consideration, would* be induced to employ their interest in averting any measure of retribution, which might be meditated against the justices. In the next place, the propriety of this course seemed to be sanctioned by the mode, in which the people of Massachusetts had provided for the trial of *quakers*, who, on

their first arrival in that province, were considered as a species of the witch; and were accordingly examined, by proper persons, appointed for that purpose to ascertain whether they had not about them some tokens of the craft; every book and printed thing found upon their persons or in their luggage being committed to the flames by the hands of the common hangman. Some strenuous efforts were made to procure the trial by jury for persons accused of quakerism; but probably for the same reason, which influenced the Eutopian judiciary—namely, that quakerism, like other kinds of witchcraft, seemed unsusceptible of precise definition, and many delinquents might thus escape, if tried by jury—the law finally passed, that persons reputed quakers should be tried by three magistrates.

These preliminary arrangements being thus adjusted, the day of trial—"the important day" came on—Parson Huminube took his appointed station in the pulpit; and dignity beamed from that part of his body, which was visible above the balustrade of the desk. In the middle aisle, and near the pulpit, was placed a long table; at the upper end of which sat Justice Slygrave, flanked on one side by brother Dormant, and on the other, by brother Drowsy.

Lubricus Slygrave, Esquire, was a man about forty-five years of age, bulky and full in all his

proportions, with a large cylindrical head, flat upon the top. His skin made tense by a plethoric habit, had a glossy appearance, and for the same reason, it was so transparent that the small veins of his face, with all their ramifications, became distinctly visible. He was generous in his way of living, but not so much so as to overstep the bounds of sobriety. He was a great and useful man in Eutopia; and by his vigilance and good management had established an order of things, by which the interference of any higher judicial power was almost entirely superseded. He stood on a middle ground, between the adherents of the old puritanical system, and the disciples of a new school; who, though by no means wanting in all necessary rigidity, had considerably departed from the track of their ancestors, renouncing their stern scrupulosity in small matters, and those absurd ways of thinking, by which the shadows of religion were substituted for its realities, and almost every thing made to depend upon the habit and carriage of the body. To be well with both these parties, was a matter of considerable difficulty. The justice was rather inclined to the modern school, but he made no open or decided manifestation of his preference. The more violent of the liberal thinkers deemed him too stiff; and the more bigotted of the old school pronounced him too flexible. But should

he be deposed, the throne must almost necessarily be filled by a thorough disciple of one of the parties; and both chose rather to divide the sceptre in the person of Justice Slygrave, than to incur the risk of seeing it depart entirely from their own hands.

Squire Dormant was a small man, considerably older than brother Slygrave, with a little head as round as an apple, and a skin much resembling that of the fruit in question, when it has been suffered to dry upon the tree. Irregular folds of this loose and soft skin covered his whole face, and had nearly closed up the windows of his head: a circumstance pregnant with no small advantage; for, with his hands thrust into his bosom across each other, he often courted "nature's sweet restorer," even on the bench; and it being so difficult to judge of the state of his faculties by the appearance of his eyes, he enjoyed the credit of constant attention, although he might be one-half of the time in profound sleep.

Justice Drowsy, the other partner of the judicial office, and who, as well as his brother Dormant, might well be called a *sleeping* partner, was well stricken in years, and wofully shrunk from his pristine dimensions.

The several parts of his body had, however, withered in more regular proportion than those of Justice Dormant. The *pergama carta* is not more

tightly drawn over the head of a drum, than ~~was~~ his epidermis stretched upon the surface of his body; and so great indeed did its tensity appear to the beholder, that he was in pain lest the good man by closing his eyelids, should break the skin in some other part of his face. Seldom indeed did he close his eyelids, though I must not be understood hereby to intimate that he never slept, sleep he did, and that full often; but sleeping or waking, and whether the business before the court were trifling or important, novel or common, he took it all with one steady regard of stupidity—his thin, broad-axe visage being fixed in one position, and his lean dry hands lodged in two capacious receptacles, which had been *fitted up* in the flaps of his long and loose waistcoat, and which when we speak in reference to modern fashion, might better be called *bags* than *pockets*.

Brothers Dormant and Drowsy might perhaps be compared to the two scales of the balance of justice, receiving with passive obedience, whatever might be put into them by President Slygrave. Such men are not without their use: if they do little good, neither do they do much harm; and they serve to hold for safe keeping certain offices, which by the extraordinary abilities, activity, and virtue of some co-ordinate public servant, have for the time become unnecessary, but which, if filled by more active spirits, might

be turned to purposes of great mischief. They are men who occupy a place in society, so well pointed out in the discriminating lines of a native writer:—

Whose course through life, which changes ne'er affect,
Is just above contempt, and just beneath respect.

Such was the court upon whose decision hung the fate of the prisoner at the bar—that is to say, at the end of the table opposite to that, at which their worships were seated. Near the accused stood his faithful keeper—that *beau ideal* of an officer—Master Irongrip; and the small, smooth, effeminate face of the former made a striking contrast to the large prominent, hard-looking features of the latter. Constable Irongrip was a Roman. You did not see Constable Irongrip resorting to the unmanly expedients of leaning his weight against the adjacent parts of the house, or of making his official staff subserve the purposes for which nature had provided his legs: neither did he sit down or move about: he stood erect and still, with his staff pointing to the zenith, and his eyes intently directed to the countenance of the presiding magistrate, catching his orders on the instant of their utterance, and occasionally touching the risibilities of the audience by the unnatural alacrity and awkward obsequiousness with which he sought to grace the performance of his

duty. He did not fail to put a proper estimate upon the part which he now acted. He had the custody of the prisoner: he had the custody of that personage, without whom neither court nor witnesses, nor lawyers, could be of any account. He saw, therefore, that every thing depended upon himself alone; and no man ever had a more felicitous conception of his own importance, if we except those African monarchs, who, seated on the throne of Apollo, at a country ball, sway their sceptres of horse-hair and ebony, and by the conjoint action of voice, hand, and foot, not only inspire, but regulate with an air imperial the movements of their festive subjects.

By the side of Mr. Van Vacuum there sat a person, very youthful in his general appearance; but exhibiting a train of symptoms, like those of one prematurely thrust into affairs—oppressed with the cares of state, before he had acquired strength and skill to carry the burthen. He frowned—he fidgetted—he shifted his position—he reposed the over-plied receptacle of his troubled brains between the thumb and forefinger, first of one hand, and then of the other:—anon he became more calm, and serenity beamed from his countenance:—again the sky was overcast; and the waters became troubled; and, as man has been called the world in miniature, we may compare the agitations of the microcosm in question to

those of the real globe, when labouring under the paroxysms of an earthquake. A stranger might have taken this for the person accused of sorcery, instead of the comfortable Mr. Van Vacuum, who sat very quietly, and bestowed upon the whole proceeding a smile of the most sublime contempt. But no strangers were present; and the bystanders all knew the perturbed spirit under consideration, to be no other than Tully Staughton, a young attorney, who having recently opened an office, and being a believer in the doctrine, always inculcated upon beginners—that they must bring themselves forward—had volunteered his services in defence of Mr. Van Vacuum. He was among the first young men, who were sent from Eutopia to Harvard, for their education—and this circumstance constituted the standing boast of his life. His ancestor, Governor Staughton, figured in the early times of Massachusetts; and after him one of the college edifices at Harvard was named. This was another circumstance, which inflated the pride of young Tully. In Staughton hall he spent the greater part of his collegiate life; and, so extravagant was his vanity on the subject, that he extended the name of this-particular building to the whole institution, and never spoke of it but under the title of Staughton hall. He was educated, not at Harvard college, but at Staughton hall.

In our first interview with a travelled American of modern days, we are not sooner given to know, that he has seen London and Paris, than did a stranger learn, in the first moment of conversation with the Eutopian Tully, that he had received his education at Staughton hall. He was one day walking across the green—"neat, trimly dressed, fresh as a bride groom," and swelling with the pride of ancestry and education—when Mary Blaxton, who happened to be sitting with one or two young men of her acquaintance on her mother's front piazza, exclaimed—"Staughton hall in all its glory!" and, from that time forward, the strutting collegian was known by the name of *Staughton hall*.

Yet Tully Staughton, pertinaciously as he adhered to the back of this hobby, was not altogether frivolous and empty-headed. He left his favourite hall with distinguished honour: he was well versed in all the studies then pursued at Harvard: he had also read much miscellaneously; and possessed withal, intellect sufficient to digest and appropriate a goodly portion of what he read. His habits were industrious and steady—his dispositions by no means acerb or perverse—and his conduct generally open and manly.

His motions, on the present occasion, were watched with a kind of feline malignity by another young son of the law—a Mr. Ralph Lazy—who

encouraged by a system of satellites, poured forth the light of his countenance from one of the pews fronting the aisle of the meeting-house. Mr. Ralph was a *genius*: and, as it was Thomas Stoughton's boast that he had received a good liberal education, and had read many books, so it was the glory of Ralph Lazy, to have received little education, and to have read few books but the book of nature. He was one of that class of youths who seldom shake off their indolence, except it be in the effort of proving satisfactorily to themselves, that exertion and study are not only nugatory but detrimental: that they only strain and impair the native energies of mind; that mind is like fire, and learning like charcoal; the latter being but vile refuse compared to the former, and totally useless without it; while the former shines with its own glory, and is only obscured or extinguished by pouring upon it the heaps of erudition obtained by study. So, again, your *genius* must be able to see intuitively every possible relation and bearing of every possible question, that may be laid before him—yes, and be able to rise, on the spur of the occasion, without either previous knowledge or recent examination of the subject and discuss it in a manner that would not have dishonoured the greatest orators of antiquity. None but blockheads are obliged to study cases. The talent of eloquence is an extempore talent, and

comes by the gift of nature.—Such is a *genius*. But such were not Demosthenes and Cicero; both of whom, unfortunately, were fain to study their causes—yea, even to write them down and con them by rote beforehand. Such, however, was Ralph Lazy, who had also the other marks of the race—the utmost slovenliness of personal appearance—hat awry, shoes slip-shod, and dress generally out of order and wanting the brush. He had an oleaginous look in the face; and the roll of tobacco, which ever dwelt between his nether lip and under teeth, no less than a sinister twist of the eyes, bespoke him a true *genius*. Of course, he attracted to himself all the small spirits of the place—such as were just able to see that he was indolent and a hater of books *from principle*—all *geniuses* like himself. Equally of course, nature has set immortal enmity between such persons as Tully Staughton and Ralph Lazy. They considered each other reciprocally as blockheads; and neither omitted any occasion of bringing the other into contempt.

CHAPTER IX.

- 1st. Witch.* Round about the caldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.
- All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble,
- 2d. Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake
In the caldron boil and bake:
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble, &c.

MACBETH.

THE court being thus *organized*, as the phrase is, Justice Slygrave proceeded to read the charge against the prisoner, who, after a few snaps and twitches of reluctance, was made to stand up and signify his identity, by answering to his name, and holding up his right hand:—

“You, Ebenezer Van Vacuum stand charged, for that, not having the fear of God before your eyes, to wit, at Eutopia, wickedly, maliciously, and feloniously, a covenant with the devil you have made, and signed the devil's book, and took the devil to be your god, and have been baptized by him, and promised to be the devil's, both body and soul forever, and to serve him; by which dia-

bolical covenant by you with the devil in form aforesaid made, you Ebenezer Van Vacuum, have become a most detestable witch, against the peace of our sovereign lord the king, and the laws of this colony in such cases made and provided."

"How say you, Ebenezer Van Vacuum—guilty or not guilty?"

Tully Staughton officiously leapt up and whispered something in his client's ear, whereupon he answered, "not guilty."

"We will now read to you the law upon which you are accused," said Justice Slygrave, rising to receive the venerable folio from the hands of Parson Huminube. He opened it with reverence, and reading, at the commencement, "To our beloved brethren and neighbours, the inhabitants of Connecticut, the General Court of that colony with grace and peace in the Lord Jesus," he was turning to hand it back, saying, "why, here must be some mistake: this must be a volume of sermons or epistles:" but the parson rebuked his ignorance by sharply replying—

"It is no volume of sermons, Justice Slygrave: it is the ancient laws of the colony—and a leaf is turned down at the law you seek."

The justice accordingly read from the place pointed out to him:

"If any man or woman be a witch, that is, hath, or consulteth, with a familiar spirit, they

shall be put to death. Exodus, twenty-second—eighteenth—Leviticus, twentieth, twenty-second—Deuteronomy, twenty-eighth, tenth, eleventh.”

Inability to repeat the Lord's prayer correctly being one well known mark of a witch, Mr. Van Vacuum was first put upon his trial in that particular. Much did he search the ceiling for the exact reading, and at length commenced:—

“Our Father, who art in heaven——”

“Wrong,” interrupted the justice—“sit down: it is not our Father *who* art in heaven. It is our Father *which* art in heaven. It would have been well for the prisoner, had he read other books less, and the bible more. We must now call the witnesses—Mistress Morgiana Blaxton.” Mrs. Blaxton now stood up and testified to the following effect:—

“She had not been long acquainted with the accused. He came to her house as a stranger: she knew not whence he came, nor who were his relations, nor whether he had any. All she knew was that he made his appearance on a sudden in Eutopia, and offered himself as a schoolmaster, and promised to teach grammar in forty-eight lessons, and writing in twelve. She took him in as a lodger: but he soon began to cast his evil eye on her daughter, and to practice his magical arts upon her. By and bye he gave her medicines; and by and bye he took her out to tell her fortune

by the stars. And such a change did he work upon her! She was another thing entirely! Nothing but magic and witchcraft could have made such a difference in my child. And the accused went on from one thing to another. And finding me opposed to his designs upon her, he and the evil one together, (if they be not the same,) began to visit my house at night with the most awful noises, and shake it to its very foundations. Sent his imps into my room: I could feel my bed lifted up under me in the middle of the night: and something would drag off the clothes, and run over the bed, and make a dreadful scratching about the room. And one night I scattered ashes over the floor, and in the morning there were the tracks of some horrible thing about the room, and my bible was knocked off the mantle-piece one night and fell open at the third chapter of St. Mark. And I had the most frightful dreams—O! if he is not a witch, and a wizard, and a consulter of times——”

“Ah! well—that will do, Mrs. Blaxton,” interrupted the magistrate, and the prisoner’s counsel immediately followed—

“Yes, may it please your worship:—I shall decidedly object to the witness’s arguing the case”—and he was going on to enlarge upon the distinction between a witness and an advocate, when the court stopped him and called the next witness

—Goodman Timothy Tangent, who living in the vicinity of the school-house, was supposed to be fraught with testimony against the accused. But, when called to be sworn, Mr. Tangent, instead of obeying the summons, kept his place, and commenced wagging forth of his head the following answer:—

“Mr. Justice Slygrave knows me to be a man that meddles with no man’s business—he knows me to be a man that interferes with no man’s business—he——”

“Yes—but Mr. Tangent, it is necessary that you should give your testimony in the case now before the court; therefore, step up and be sworn.”

“Sworn!” said Mr. Tangent. “I am a man sir, that swears not at all—that every body knows. I never took an oath in my life. I am that kind of a man, sir, that never takes an oath——”

“Then, Mr. Tangent,” interrupted his worship, “you must affirm.” And though the witness began once more to tell what kind of a man he was, Justice Slygrave succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in getting him *qualified*. On being required, however, to relate what he might know concerning the accused, Mr. Van Vacuum, his head again began to vibrate, and he answered—

“I have nothing *agin* Mr. Van Vacuum—I have nothing *agin* no man—no man can say that Timothy Tangent has wronged him in aught:—I

am that sort of a man, Mr. Slygrave, that loves peace in his neighbourhood—and that don't meddle, and that don't make, in no way, shape nor manner——”

“Hush!” exclaimed the magistrate, whose patience was now gone. “Every body knows you are the most busy, and meddlesome and troublesome neighbour in the whole town. So, be silent, sir, and answer my questions.”

“You are in a passion,” answered the witness, “you are in a passion Mr. Justice Slygrave:—now I am that kind of a man that keeps my temper, Mr. Slygrave:—I make it a rule——”

“Constable—Mr. Tangent;” again interrupted the justice, “if you do not instantly cease taking up the time of the court with this sort of stuff, and answer the questions put to you simply and directly, I will have you carried to jail. Not a word—but answer me.

“Have you ever seen lights in the school-house at night?”

“Lights!—I have not, sir.”

“Well, a light, then?”

“I have seen *light* in the school-house, sir: that I will not deny to no man—but mind, I don't say Mr. Van Vacuum put it there—I have nothing *agin*——”

“Silence!—and answer me again—have you frequently seen this light there?”

"Frequently!—I don't know what you call *frequently*, Mr. Slygrave."

"Answer the question, sir, in a moment."

"Why, I have seen it there often, sir, if that will answer your turn:—but how does that prove, that Mr. Van Vac——"

"No matter what it proves—have you ever heard any noises in or about the school-house?"

"To say, that I have not; would be to say that which is an untruth—and no man can say that Timothy Tangent ever said that which was an untruth—if a man has ears, Mr. Slygrave, why——"

"What sort of noises were they?"

"Why, loud noises enough—but——"

"No *buts*—but go on."

"Why, if I should say it seemed as if something was shaking the house down, I should not be out of the secret."

"Well—and what else have you seen or heard?"

"Why, sir, I have seen somewhat in the shape of a man—but black as pitch and Egypt—pass along one window of the school-house—and then along another window—and then bobbing up and down, and bobbing up and down in the light—but I don't say, mind——"

"Go on—go on."

"Well, if I must speak—I have seen the light suddenly disappear; and presently after I have

seen Mr. Van Vacuum dressed in black, (but, mind I don't say, that he and the black figure that bobbed up and down in the light, are the same,) I have seen him walking along the road presently after with somewhat under his arm, resembling a book in writing; all this I have seen—I don't deny it—I'm a man that's willing—"

"Well, well—we know what you are:—you may go."

Sarah Blaball "was *help* to Mrs. Blaxton—lived with her when the noises were first heard in her house:—they seemed to come from Mr. Van Vacuum's room:—it was not one continued noise; but came at intervals:—the house shook; it was as if a great moon-stone had fallen on the house. This deponent was horribly *frighted*: but she, and Esther Evedrop, another help, agreed to go one night and peep through the key-hole of Mr. Van Vacuum's door, and see what was going on: and so they went—and so they stooped down—the noise all the while seeming as if it would knock them over—and so they peeped through the key-hole—deponent peeped first—and O—"

"What—what did you see?" eagerly interrupted the squire.

"Saw Mr. Van Vacuum in the greatest—O the greatest *cantrums* your worship can imagine. It seemed as if something was lifting him in the air, and shaking and whirling him around—his legs

flew about each other to that degree that you could scarce see them. Then it would let him drop on the floor with such a noise and shaking—O——”

“ Well, go on—what else?”

“ Sometimes Mr. Van Vacuum would catch hold of the back of a chair to hold himself down : and then his legs would fly out almost on a level with the floor, and cross each other and quiver—O, he looked for all the world like a piece of black ribbon held out in the wind——”

“ What next?”

“ Why, then he would stop for a while, and go up to the table, and read in a printed book lying open on the table; and presently, while he was reading, up would fly one foot—presently up the other; then he would hop up on one foot—then on the other—then on both; and so he went on from one thing to another, until he got into his cantrums again, and was carried into the air. Sometimes he would fly off to another part of the room out of sight—then back again, and so on.”

Help Esther Evedrop confirmed these statements; and added, “ that she had recently been living with Mrs. Highlow—that one day Mrs. Highlow’s little daughter about ten years old acted very strangely, crawling under the chairs and tables, and rolling over the floor. And this deponent asked her if any thing troubled her, and

she said yes. Then this deponent asked her if it was a little man in black that troubled her, and she said yes. Then this deponent asked her if the little man in black was in the likeness of Mr. Van Vacuum, and she said yes again. Then the afflicted rolled over again upon the floor, and threw up a parcel of crooked pins, and this deponent picked them up: and if any body don't believe it, there are the very *identical* pins themselves," said she, lying some crooked pins upon the table.

Tully Staughton vehemently objected to the admission of the pins, such *spectral evidence*, he said was not to be allowed. Justice Slygrave overruled the objection. Ralph Lazy laughed, and broke a witticism among his companions at the expense of Tully. Several witnesses were then called, who threw their small "ingredients" into the witch-caldron, which now began to "boil and bubble" to the no little annoyance of the accused. One testified that his horse had lately sweated while standing in the stable—another that the butter would not come in his wife's churn—a third that his cart stuck in a slough near the school-house, and his oxen were unable to drag it out—a fourth on going home one dark night, "was suddenly lifted up, and thrown against a stone fence: then going along a little further, he was hoisted up, and cast down a bank: and he saw something black before him, which he took for

Mr. Van Vacuum, having heard that Mr. Van Vacuum was a witch." A milk-maid, in traversing a field for her cows, had heard the little birds sing *Eben-ee-zer—Eben-ee-zer*; and the bullfrogs distinctly enunciate *Van-Va-cu-um—Van-Va-cu-um*. But while the justice was thus rattling off the testimony, he met with an unexpected interruption. Reaching the bible towards one Crowfoot, a man of new light, whom he expected to dispatch as speedily as he had done the few previous witnesses—the said Crowfoot reciprocated not his advances, but in a sepulchral voice pronounced—

"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

"Come, sir, this is no time for the preaching of such men as you," answered his worship.

"Be instant in season, and out of season," returned the religionist.

"Take care how you blaspheme, Mr. Crowfoot. It is your present duty to give testimony against the accused—so, sir, abuse no more scripture, but step up and lay your hand on the book."

"Do unto others," answered the pertinacious enthusiast, pointing to Mr. Van Vacuum, "as you would that others should do unto you," pointing to himself.

"Mr. Crowfoot! do you think I can sit here, listening to your misapplications of the Holy Writ? Are you resolved not to give your testimony?"

"Thou hast said it," replied the inspired man.

"Constable, take Mr. Crowfoot to jail immediately," was his worship's next order. •

"Yes—cast him in prison!" now ejaculated the fanatic, as the officer laid hold of him; "crown him with thorns! crucify him! crucify him! the apostles were persecuted before him for preaching the truth as it is in——" But it is not fitting to write down the foolish rhapsody of the man. Suffice it to say he went on shouting with all his force of lungs, until the power of respiration was exhausted, and he fell, frothing at the mouth. It did not, however, prove a martyrdom. He was soon resuscitated, and the justice set him at liberty as a *non compos*.

Order being restored, Polly Nightshade was called to the book:—

"She had been told by a certain person, that if she would go at ten o'clock at night, and walk backwards three times around the meeting-house, the real witch that was disturbing Eutopia, would make its appearance. She accordingly went one night, with a companion, and commenced walking backward around the meeting-house. At the first bout, somewhat in the shape of a large knotty toad leapt up against the deponent's apron: at the second, something appeared in the likeness of a huge rat, and vanished away: when they had got

nearly round the third time, they saw a black figure coming down the road. At first, it seemed merely like a black pillar. They waited until it approached nearer, when it seemed to them to be the apparition of the accused. It had under its arm a sort of oblong-square thing resembling a book. Deponent and her companion now fled home."

Miss Nancy Fidget, an elderly maiden, was next called. She advanced, and thrust forth her left hand.

"Your right hand, Miss," said the justice. The right hand was substituted with a quick and decisive motion.

"Take off your glove if you please, Miss Fidget."

The glove was jerked from her hand with great alacrity.

Being sworn, she was requested to state what she knew concerning the matter in hand:—

"Why, Eupheme Gossip knows as much about it as I do: and she's in court here, and you can call upon her——"

"But the court wishes to know what *you* know about it, Miss Fidget."

"Why, Mr. Van Vacuum knows what he wished about Mr. Cute one day, when he and Mr. Cute met before our front window, where

Eupheme Gossip and I were sitting—he won't deny it—nor what happened to Mr. Cute a little time after—ask him——”

“The court tells you again, Miss Fidget, that it is necessary to hear it from you.”

“Why, I never expected to be called upon:—all I know is, that they met before our house—and Mr. Cute said something to Mr. Van Vacuum about his putting the lightning-rod upon the school-house—and then laughed—there is Mr. Cute—ask him whether it wa'n't so——”

“Proceed, proceed yourself, Miss Fidget.”

“Why, Mr. Cute laughed, and laughed very heartily—did'n't he Eupheme?—and Mr. Van Vacuum looked nation sober—don't you remember, Eupheme? and how we bit our lips, and tried to keep from laughing——”

“Address yourself to the court, Miss Fidget.”

“Yes, sir—well, sir, when Mr. Cute walked on, Mr. Van Vacuum said to himself, said he, *the Devil take him*, said he, them were his very words—wa'n't they, Eupheme?—he won't deny it.”

“Any thing more, Miss Fidget?”

“Why, two or three days afterwards, Mr. Cute fell down flat upon the floor—and all his sinews were drawn as tight as a whip-cord: he was all one cramp from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; and he turned black, and frothed at

the mouth: and I, and old Mrs. Smith, and old Mrs. Ferry, and old Mrs. Quack, were sent for: and we rubbed him, and so on, till we brought him to: and we all agreed that the old one had taken hold of him, according to Mr. Van Vacuum's wish—and that's all I know about it."

Some whispering now took place among the magistrates, or rather, some whispering on the part of Justice Slygrave, and some nodding on the part of his brethren. The result was the following speech from the presiding magistrate:—

"The court had hoped to dispense with the testimony of Miss Mary Blaxton; but, on reconsidering, they think it necessary it should be taken."

Mary had been sitting in the court, with her face veiled as much as possible from the stare of the audience, and with a mind racked with mortification at the thought of being thus involved in a proceeding like the present—and that, too, by her own mother. What enhanced the poignancy of her chagrin, was the reflection, that she might, in a measure, consider herself as the author of the mischief; for, had she exercised that frankness which is due from the daughter to the mother, Mr. Van Vacuum would not have been arraigned by his present accuser, and she should have escaped the shame of being held up in public as a person bewitched. In this state of mind the summons to walk up and be sworn, came over her

like a spell, which seemed to suspend the very functions of her being. For a moment she was unable to fetch her breath: and the spectators, who had always seen Mary cheerful, at least, if not in high spirits, took this embarrassment for a decisive proof of that change, which, according to her mother, had been wrought upon her by the machinations of Mr. Van Vacuum. The impulse, however, was but momentary. Mary rose and advanced to the book without a faltering step. Justice Slygrave thought the mode of taking her testimony, most agreeable to her, would be by question and answer.

“Will Miss Blaxton please to inform the court, whether she has ever, at any time, considered herself as in any manner bewitched by the prisoner at the bar.”

Mary Blaxton did not fail instantly to perceive the ludicrous side of this question: it contributed greatly to restore her wonted state of mind; and she answered with great readiness, and with a half suppressed smile on her countenance—

“No, sir.”

“But Miss Blaxton,” replied Justice Slygrave, “perhaps I have not used the proper word; I should have said *afflicted*. Has Miss Blaxton had reason to think herself *afflicted* by the accused?”

“I am no lawyer, sir, and don’t know what

you mean by the word *afflicted*. All I know is, that I am greatly *afflicted* in the plain sense of the term, at seeing myself brought in this manner before you."

"That is not the question, Miss Blaxton: was you ever afflicted by the prisoner in the sense—now you understand me very well—in the sense—in the sense—that the court means?"

"I can't guess your meaning, sir."

"Now, Miss Blaxton, we know you are very sensible, but you must not be trying your wit upon us. It is a contempt of court, mind! and you can be punished by fine and imprisonment. I will now ask you so plain a question, that you will be obliged to give a direct answer. Have you any reason to believe from any thing you have seen or known, that Ebenezer Van Vacuum, the prisoner at the bar, is a *witch*?"

"Of *that*, sir, I firmly believe him to be innocent—as innocent as *you* are, sir;" (*looking him significantly in the face.*)

Here a general burst of laughter interrupted the proceedings, and Counsellor Lazy who loved a joke above all things could not help whispering to his antagonist, who sat opposite to him, *a fair hit! a fair hit!*

Poor Justice Slygrave now felt that he had caught a tartar. Anger and shame alternately took possession of his mind and of his counte-

nance—three times he coughed—thrice he hem'd and ha'd and tried to bluster; but his spirits failed him entirely, and in a tone of voice which affected to be commanding, but which too much betrayed the confusion in his breast, he at last called out "sit down Miss Blaxton, sit down; there is nothing to be done with you: the court will call you if they should want you." And Mary Blaxton, to her great satisfaction, returned to her place and again sat down.

Silence now prevailed for some time in the court, and five minutes were consumed by the judges consulting and whispering among themselves; at length Justice Slygrave spoke:

"The court requires of the prisoner to produce the printed book, spoken of by the witness Sarah Blaball, as lying on the prisoner's table, at the time she saw his movements through the key hole."

Mr. Staughton objected, that he did not suppose it obligatory on the prisoner to give up the book.

"The court, Mr. Staughton, insists upon its production. They consider it as the cause of all the mischief; and they must have it. Mr. Staughton will also reflect that viewing it in the light the court does, any refusal to produce it, or any efforts to keep it out of the way, will only confirm

them in their opinion. Indeed they must, and if it be necessary to use such language, they will have it."

Tully Staughton, who had possession of the book, now reluctantly drew it forth from his pocket; and tossing it towards the squire, dropped his pen, and sunk back in his chair.

"Ah!" said Ralph Lazy. "Poor Tully! All's lost:—Staughton Hall is level with the ground now:—the poor fellow may truly be said," he added, looking around upon his companions, that they might mark the clever pun, "he may be truly said to have lost his speech. That book, I'll warrant you, contains the very highest evidence, which the nature of the case admits; which must in all cases, be adduced—that's the law. That book leaves no room for argument, my word for it:—it, no doubt, proves the guilt of the accused beyond all possibility of a rational doubt: for, mind you, if there is room for a *rational doubt*, the prisoner must be acquitted—that's the law. Poor Tully! How many well written sheets of eloquence he has lost by that unlucky call for the book. Like some of his namesake's of old, they must be lost to posterity."

In the meantime Justice Slygrave took up the book. On each cover there was a figure resembling, in posture, some of those, which form the

frontispieces of Glanville's witchcraft—he opened it, and commenced reading the title page—

“OR—ORCHE.”

“Let me see it:—let me see it:—I can probably decypher it better than your worship,” said Parson Huminube.

To the parson the book was accordingly delivered. He opened it quickly in several places, then slapt its leaves together—tossed it back upon the table—assumed his hat and cane, and left the house, in as much haste as comported with the dignity of his calling.

“See that,” said Ralph Lazy, appealing to his companions, “did’n’t I tell you?—did’n’t I always set my face against books?—The parson himself you see, was so much afflicted by merely opening that book, that he was obliged to leave the meeting-house.”

Justice Slygrave now took up the book; and he too, after turning a few leaves, shut it quickly, and threw it upon the table.

“Ha! the justice, too!” said Lazy. “He can’t stand it either!—Any man that will put a book to press, ought to be pressed himself under a sentence of *peine forte et dure*—do you know what *peine forte et dure* is, Jack?—”

But we cannot afford room for Mr. Lazy’s exposition of this punishment. Another consultation was now held among the magistrates; at the

close of which, Justice Slygrave announced, that the court would be adjourned until the following day—when they would hear counsel on the evidence, and pronounce their judgment.

We shall take our leave of them for the present, and return to our friend Captain Homebred, whom we have left in a situation not to be envied.

CHAPTER X.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
 With rosy lustre of the rising light:
 The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame,
 Of Trojan feats, and great Acestes' name,
 The crowded shore with acclamations fill;
 Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.

ÆNEID.

THE project of seeking a bridal squaw in foreign parts, found its way at first more easily than might have been expected, to the approbation of Captain Homebred, both in consequence of that abstract charm, by which all new undertakings recommend themselves, and because the enterprise in hand would afford at least a temporary escape from the discomforts and hazards of his present situation. When, however, he had thrown himself upon the buffaloe skins, which served him in place of a couch, he began to turn this subject on the other side. To what distance he might be carried he knew not, and he was equally in the dark as to the direction in which he was to travel. It might carry him still farther from his "sweet Argos," that home in which all the associations that constitute life were centered—where he drew

his first breath, and would fain draw his last. Then the father of the squaw on whom his choice should fall, might insist upon it as a condition of the marriage that he should remain with her, instead of her returning with him; and, in that case he must lose the society and protection of the only person sufficiently like a civilized being, to be tolerable, the only person who, if he could not be called a friend, was at least no decided enemy—the reader knows I mean old Skenedo.

These things were calculated to “perplex the will,” and to put it upon devising modes of extrication. The question—to be, or not to be, had been settled on a former occasion. The only expedient left, which appeared to be feasible, was that of escape: and this his warm imagination, stimulated by hope, soon made appear very practicable. He devised a most beautiful plan—how he would traverse the forests with his rifle, his hatchet, and his knife—how he would kill game, dig roots, and pick nuts and berries for his food—while for his sleep, he could either erect a temporary shelter of stakes and boughs, or seek the hollow tree, or the overhanging cliff. The hopes of gaining home in this way at last mounted so high, that he sprang up, determined to put his plan into immediate execution. But no sooner was he on his feet, than his cooler reason told him that, if to cook game, he must first kill it, so

to kill it, he must first procure his rifle. Where and how to procure a rifle, was the first difficulty; and this was soon followed by a host of others. His elopement would be discovered as soon as it should be light, and the Mingoes, better acquainted with the woods, and more expert in treading forests, must soon overtake him. Or should he escape them, he might fall into the clutches of some other Indians, who would dispatch him at once; or, the wild beasts might prove an overmatch for even him and his rifle. And what concluded the debate at once—which way should he direct his course? He knew not any more than a child unborn; and he finally made up his mind to lie down, and submit to his destiny, perceiving now more strongly than ever that all resistance to his fate would only recoil upon himself, and that in the homely but forcible expression of Franklin—he that spits against the wind, only spits in his own face.

His new resolves were soon exposed to a severe test. Early in the morning with his mind at ease, elastic and cheerful, he repaired to old Skenedo's, with a view of accompanying him to the place in which the national games were to be celebrated: but Skenedo shortly directed him to repair back to his own house—assigning as a reason that their being seen together would excite sus-

picious, and that at any rate, there would be no harm in their going separately to the games.

An elliptically-shaped piece of cleared ground, about a mile in circuit, level and smooth, and bordered by a thick growth of under-brush, constituted the arena, upon which the Mingoës were accustomed to try their strength and dexterity. Nearly the whole tribe had assembled when Homebred arrived, and were amusing themselves in groups, at one extremity of this area. At length one or two strokes on the drum by old Skenedo, who, of course, was master of ceremonies, dissolved these little assemblies, and stilled the busy hum of the multitude. The games were opened by some score of youths, between fourteen and fifteen years old; who at once displayed and improved their wind, strength, and swiftness of foot, in a sort of scrub-race and scramble. They were paraded in a curved line. Skenedo held in his right hand, a billet of wood, about eighteen inches in length, and an inch and a half through—round—rounded at the ends, and polished to perfect lubricity. This was to be thrown as nearly as possible to the centre of the circle, upon which the combatants were paraded; and the instant it should escape from the hand of the old chief, they were to start in pursuit of it; the victory awaiting him who could win it from all the

rest by his superiority in the joint accomplishments of running and scuffling.

The competitors, though of nearly equal age, were various in size, proportion, and figure, and some cunning was evidently displayed in their selection and arrangement. One extremity of the crescent formed by the party, was occupied by a stripling, who had been a model of the human shape, but that his muscles, though so nicely turned, were a little deficient in bulk. Speed was his chief boast; and he was called by a name, which was once given in Greek to the great Achilles, and in English means *Nimble*, or *Swift-footed*. At the other extremity stood Long-trot, a youth who seemed all legs and arms, and these not of the most beautiful proportions. He was overgrown and awkward, and showing in his coarse visage scarcely sense enough to understand the nature of the business in hand. Those in the middle space were all well formed, but not particularly remarkable for size or shape; some appearing better fitted for the race, some for the scuffle, and others for protracting the contest.

The signal sounded—the billet was launched—the combatants started. Nimble shot forward of the rest, his body inclining a little backward, his legs alternating with such rapidity as to be almost invisible, and his pace occasionally quickening as he looked back and observed his competi-

tors gaining upon him. Long-trot, on the other hand, was behind all, though his countenance betrayed no concern. He took the steady jog which gave him his name, from which the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds" could not have moved him, and which he could continue, it was said, for the livelong twenty-four hours.

Nimble first reached the billet, but, in stooping to pick it up, he lost much of the advantage gained by his superior speed: one of his competitors was close upon his heels: his wind was failing; he dropped upon his hands and knees; his companion fell over him and rolled upon the ground; but as he rose to take advantage of the circumstance, he was seized by another competitor, whom he knew to be stronger than himself, and he tossed the billet as far from him as he could.

This changed the relative advantages of all parties. The billet being thrown in a direction nearly opposite to that in which the race was originally taken, those who had run with most speed were now farthest from their object. A new struggle commenced. The billet was soon overtaken, and it passed successively from hand to hand, until nearly every competitor had won it, and lost it, at least once. Among the excepted number was Long-trot, who had patiently followed it around the area, without quickening or abating his pace in the smallest degree. At last it

fell into the hands of a long-winded and strong armed youth, to whom all yielded, except Long-trot, and who was, at first, inclined to enjoy the victory; but on the approach of Long-trot, whom he had no will to encounter, and whose step was as steady and as inevitable as that of death itself, he betook himself to flight.

The contest was now left entirely to these two competitors; and much speculation was indulged by the audience, as to which would ultimately hold the billet. In the mean time they coursed around the area; but the space between them was gradually diminished; and much as the victorious youth strove, by occasional starts of new exertion, to secure his conquest, his inexorable pursuer, like some demon in a dream, gained on him inch by inch. Encouragement by cheers and yells was of no avail: the fatal Long-trot extended his long fingers—fastened them upon the shoulders of the panting victor, and arrested his career. A short struggle ensued;—but Long-trot soon held up the billet to the view of the spectators, and commenced drawing in and throwing out his breath in a kind of idiot laugh, which could only be compared to the creaking of a saw-mill run dry, or the braying of that animal which has furnished satirists with so many comparisons.

The parties chosen to play at ball now poured themselves into the area—a hundred towering,

well-shaped warriors, in bouncing spirits, rallying each other with boisterous jocularities, and some knowing no other mode of joking than to vex the air with the most obstreperous yells. Each brandishing an implement, four or five feet long, constructed by curving at one end a slip of hickory shaved down and made round, and then stretching thongs of raw deer's hide from the curved to the straight part, so as to form a net work, for the purpose of catching and smiting the ball. This latter was a globe of hair covered with deer's skin.—Fifty players were on each side. They took their stations in the centre of the area; and, each party having chosen one extremity of it for a goal, victory was to crown the one or the other, according as the ball was driven to the one extremity or the other.

Every thing being ready, the ball was tossed in the air:—the hundred clubs were pointed towards it, as it fell; then instantly disappeared, as it came near the ground, and the spectator could only hear them rattle against each other, as the players contended for the possession of the ball. In vain did one succeed in bringing the ball into the web of his club: his club was beaten down by another, whose club, in turn, was beaten down by a third—and thus the busy struggle continued, until, at last, some player more expert or more lucky than the rest, sent the ball through the air almost out of sight. Away

flew the combatants to the spot, on which it was likely to fall. Toxus soon led the race: nor did he suffer the ball to reach the ground; but, as it descended, he caught it in his web, and away it soared again in an opposite direction. The spectators yelled:—The combatants wheeled short around, and bent themselves again to the race. Toxus was now in the rear. Club was encountering club, ere he reached the place where the ball fell. He struck like a thunder-bolt into the crowd; and the ball was soon seen once more sailing through the air. The better to enjoy the game, the spectators scattered themselves around the whole compass of the area. Skenedo had been waiting for this opportunity—he gave the hint to Homebred, and both escaped unseen through the bushes:—not, however, in company; for the wary old chief had taken special care to warn the captain against taking the same place of exit, or pursuing the same track with himself.

Homebred was diligent in the use of his time; but he found Skenedo at the appointed rock before him, busied in preparations for their journey. A lean, long-tailed nag, stood dosing near him, laden with a sort of panniers; while one large and one little dog were fawning around him, apparently endeavouring to afford some assistance. Two rifles completed the equipment.

“Well! white man,” said Skenedo in a careless

way, as he was going about to make the little arrangements preparatory to their setting out. "We must let nobody see us—we must go under ground."

"Under ground!" said the captain to himself, lapsing into a sort of reverie. He had seen many strange things among the Indians: he had often heard of the secrecy, with which the Indians could transport themselves from place to place: but it never occurred to him before, that there were subterranean communications between different tribes. He cast his eyes about to discover the entrance of the passage: the story of the *Forty Thieves* with their *open sesame*, came upon him; and he at last turned to Skenedo, saying—"Well, good Skenedo! ~~This will be~~ the most singular adventure I have ever had. Pray, is this underground passage large enough to let us walk upright—or do we go on our hands and knees? And do we go the whole distance under ground?"

At these words Skenedo dropped the articles he had in hand, and exploded in an immoderate fit of laughter. This pricked the captain's pride: nor was the pain at all soothed, when the old man, after his convulsions had subsided, told him that he had entirely mistaken his meaning.

"*Going under ground*," he continued, "is the Indian way to express *going very secretly*. When we send a messenger to any place, we say

to him, *you must go under ground here, and come up at such a place.*"

Another burst of laughter succeeded this exposition. The captain took his seat upon a stone, and at first looked rather serious; but his gravity soon gave way to good humour, and he laughed at his mistake, though he could but feel a little mortified at his credulity.

It remains to say, that Skenedo left in his house a piece of bark, upon which he drew with a bit of charcoal such figures as would give Tassa to understand that he had gone on a journey, and that until his return, she must go and live with old Toneros, the Big Buffaloe, his friend and neighbour.

CHAPTER XI.

Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances—
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field.

MOOR OF VENICE.

OUR travellers met with nothing which could be called a disastrous chance until the second day of their journey. Towards evening of that day, there arose in the west a dense dark cloud, which threatened such a storm as no tent of poles and boughs was likely to resist. It was therefore, fortunate for them, that they were now in a mountainous region, which seemed to have been formed by piling huge masses of rock one upon another; for among these Ossas and Pelions they found one, whose top sufficiently overhung its base, to afford them a secure and comfortable shelter. Here they accordingly deposited their luggage, cooked their simple evening repast, made the other little arrangements necessary for the night, and stretched their weary limbs upon their blankets.

Sleep had wrapped them in insensibility long before the storm was at hand. The clouds appear-

ed to be surcharged with tempestuous materials, and to be retarded in their approach by their own weight. There was an incessant play of vivid lightning for a considerable time before any thunder could be heard, and then an equal interval of lightning and thunder together, ere a drop of rain descended to the ground. When at last the water did begin to fall, it was not in drops. The clouds seemed to rush bodily from the sky: the forest bowed before them; and a poet might well say that heaven was mixed with earth.

Through all this our unconscious travellers slept. Skenedo awoke first in the morning. But instead of contemplating the ravages of the storm, his attention was immediately rivetted upon an object of much more interest, and much nearer to him.—He could not confide in his vision: he rubbed his eyes and looked again; but still seemed to distrust their accuracy. *Tassa* it was, nevertheless—his own *Tassa* reclined upon his own blanket, and enjoying the balmy refreshment of innocent slumbers. He touched her to ascertain whether she were really flesh and blood. At this, she also awoke, and appeared to be more astonished than even her father, at finding herself in the place where she evidently was. As her eyes met those of Skenedo, her face bespoke the “pious awe, that fear’d to have offended;” she thought to dissipate the severity of his countenance by

throwing her arms about his neck; but he recoiled from her embrace, partly from some remaining doubt whether she were real, and partly from dissatisfaction, that she had disobeyed his orders, and put in jeopardy the whole of his well-concerted scheme.

"Speak—if you be Tassa!" said he, "and tell Skenedo how—how Tassa came here?"

"Tassa don't know," was the reply.

"Don't know!—Tassa don't know!"

"Tassa don't."

"Tassa must."

"Tassa don't—Tassa only knows, that she set out to follow her father—and followed him by the horse's track: but, last evening, when the Great Spirit shut up the heavens, and there was no light, Tassa was obliged to stand still; then, when the light came, run as far she could on the horse's track—then stop, and wait again—but, at last, the light came too strong for Tassa, and Tassa fell—and don't remember any thing else, till she awoke here, and found her father."

Skenedo felt her apparel, it was perfectly dry:—he shook his head. Tassa understood him, and answered—

"Tassa fell before any water came:—Tassa remembers that."

"Skenedo drew a long and labouring breath—betook himself to his pipe, and awoke Home-

bred. He had a design to return upon their track for a considerable distance, and endeavour to find other evidences, for, or against, the truth of Tassa's story.

Homebred felt equal surprise and pleasure at the sight of Tassa, though his countenance indicated little of either. He paid himself the compliment of supposing that Tassa's attachment to him had been the motive of her present enterprise, and further that this new evidence of it, connected with the obvious little difficulties of performing the journey with her in company, would induce her father to abandon it altogether. That she should have undertaken to follow her father and himself at all, was a matter of surprise; but that she should make her way to their lodging-place without knowing how, was enough fairly to astonish.

Skenedo, however, left him little space to indulge in any cogitations on the subject. Charging Tassa to remain at the lodging-place, he immediately led the way, in retracing the steps of their journey. Having gone more than half a mile, Homebred discovered a few rods from their track, the remains of a tree that had been smitten and rent in pieces by lightning; at the same time that Skenedo picked up, within a foot or two of the track, the very pocket compass which Homebred had given to Tassa. Of course it was plain enough

to Homebred, that Tassa fell at this place, from the shock produced by the lightning, which struck the adjoining tree. To Skenedo, however, who at first did not observe the tree, the pocket compass, which he now saw for the first time, only furnished new matter for doubt and rumination. Homebred felt at last constrained, unpleasant as the office was, to lay before the perplexed old man the history of the compass, and by pointing at the tree to convince him also, that Tassa was here overcome by the lightning.

So far from giving relief to his mind, however, the history of the compass seemed only to substitute one burthen for the other. The circumstance of the compass being dropped, proved that Tassa must have carried it in her hand: carrying it in her hand showed how much she was attached to Homebred, and how little mere filial affection could have had to do in prompting her present undertaking. The old father chewed the cud of reflection for some minutes, gazing vacantly upon the compass, then snatched himself from his reverie, restored the naughty little instrument to Homebred, and commenced his return to their lodging-place.

He had not by any means, however, shaken himself clear from perplexities. In what manner Tassa traversed the ground from where she fell, to their lodging-place, was still a mystery. He remembered the stories told him while at

Dartmouth, of women being carried through the air on broomsticks, and of their being transported in various other marvellous ways from place to place. He put at intervals many curious questions to Homebred on the subject; but the latter could only declare his unbelief in such stories: he could furnish no clue to the main difficulty; and Skenedo returned to his lodging-place dogged and downcast with severe contemplation.

Laying aside all other perplexities, what should he now do with Tassa? He could not think of sending her back alone; to accompany her would frustrate all his plans; and from his habits of caution, his disposition to anticipate even the possibility of mischief, he feared that nothing good could come of her accompanying himself and Homebred in their present journey. "The pocket-compass!"—"The handkerchief!"

These difficulties occasioned the consumption of a good deal of "the American weed." The old man sat down, and fairly smoked himself into a resolution of his doubts. The journey was not to be abandoned. Tassa must be added to the party; and it must be his care that no harm should result from it.

A few hours brought them to the bank of a considerable stream, which, swollen by the recent storm, hurled its turbid and troubled waters past them with furious rapidity. A raft was now to

be constructed; a work which consumed nearly the whole of the remaining day. As soon as it was finished, Skenedo stripped his horse of its luggage, drove it into the water, tossed the dogs after it, and watched all three with much solicitude, until they attained the opposite bank. He then launched the raft, and the three voyagers embarked. Tassa had insisted upon being provided, like her father and Homebred, with a setting-pole, and much did she endeavour to afford them assistance in the navigation of the stream. They had scarcely gained one-third of its width, when they found the water too deep for their poles: the raft commenced a rapid career down the current, now one end foremost, now the other; and in vain did the busy navigators try on all sides to reach the bottom. Tassa thrust in her pole down the stream: and the end encountering a hidden rock, the raft struck against the middle with such violence, that she was jerked overboard. But she had scarcely touched the water when Homebred was by her side. Skenedo stood powerless and apparently bereft of his senses. Homebred set his machine in motion, by a peremptory order to give him one end of his pole; which he did; and they soon succeeded in replacing Tassa upon the raft.

This had scarcely been effected, when they turned a point of land, and a new scene presented itself. A heavy roaring noise, and volumes of

spray mounting in the air, too plainly indicated a perpendicular fall in the stream, over which there now seemed every chance of their being speedily precipitated. Homebred continued in the water, and exerted all his skill in swimming to drag the raft on shore. But the violence of the current soon convinced him that this was impracticable. It happened that a small island, situated upon the very verge of the fall, divided the stream into two parts. Homebred's next object was to make the raft strike the upper point of this island; and thus enable them at least to set their feet once more on dry ground. Directing Skenedo and Tassa to be ready to throw the luggage on shore, and to leap on shore themselves, he succeeded in keeping the raft in that part of the stream, which brought it to the destined point. As it struck, Tassa jumped on shore with a part of the luggage: Skenedo tossed the remainder after her, and was following himself—when the raft went to pieces, and let him into the water. Homebred seized him by the hair with one hand, and laid hold on some bushes, which bordered the island, with the other, and with the assistance of Tassa, was enabled to put him in the way of escaping instant destruction.

“Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years,
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.”

As soon as he could raise himself upon his feet, he threw his hand around his back, brought forward his tobacco pouch, and opening it, exclaimed—

“Wah! wah! It has wetted Skenedo’s tobacco!—it has wetted Skenedo’s tobacco!”

This appeared to be the calamity, which was uppermost in his mind. He rummaged the luggage for his tinder-horn; struck up a fire; and, having put his tobacco to dry, joined Homebred in exploring the regions upon which fortune had cast them. Just at the fall, the breadth of the river was very considerably diminished, and the island being also interposed, the stream was crowded into two narrow channels, along which the water swept with a mad velocity that made the head swim to look at it. There was no tree on the island sufficiently large to span either of these channels. On that bank of the river, however, which they wished to attain, there were several cedars, which, if felled, appeared tall enough to reach the island. It occurred, therefore, to Homebred, that he might start from the upper point, where the rapidity of the current was checked, swim directly upstream for a considerable distance, and then taking an oblique direction, gain the main land, contrive to up-root one of the trees in question, and thus enable Skenedo and his

daughter to escape. This appeared, at any rate, to be the only possible mode of escaping; and strenuously and often did the captain attempt to put his plan in execution:—but, after swimming a few rods, he found the force of the current utterly irresistible.

Skenedo was, for the present, entirely incapacitated for contrivance of any kind; to think, and to smoke, being two operations so indissolubly connected in his system by the tie of habit, that his mind was never *in blast*, unless his mouth was filled with smoke; and unfortunately, before his tobacco was sufficiently dried to be fit for the pipe, the approach of darkness compelled him to make preparations for passing the night in comfort.

While these preparations are making, we may as well take a peep at what is transacting in the court at Eutopia.

CHAPTER XII.

O thou villain! Thou shalt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

SHAKESPEARE.

“THE KING vs. EBENEZER VAN VACUUM.

Die Veneris, xv Julii, Anno Domini —.

THE court met according to adjournment; proclamation made, the prisoner was asked what he had to say in his defence; whereupon Mr. Tully Staughton rose and addressed the court on his behalf, and was followed by Mr. Ralph Lazy, who spoke in behalf of the crown. Then his worship, Mr. Justice Slygrave, delivered the opinion of the court at large, and pronounced sentence as follows: *videlicet*, that——”

Here the manuscript ends. My learned friend, Dr. Leatherworm, to whom I am chiefly indebted for the various documents from which this veritable history has been compiled, and for whose indefatigable labours I never can sufficiently express my gratitude; in his last journey to Eutopia, was fortunate enough to discover in a grocer's shop, this valuable fragment of the original record of

this identical cause, where it was given to him as a wrapper to a few sticks of molasses candy, of which he was excessively fond, and which he had gone to that shop, (I beg pardon,) to that *store*, to purchase. He did not observe it until he returned to his lodgings, when, on opening the parcel, his visual organ was suddenly struck with the words—*The King vs. Ebenezer Van Vacuum*, in large German text. He read the whole contents with avidity; but to his great mortification, he found that it stopped at the most interesting point of the cause, and what added still more to his chagrin, was the discovery, that the date of this important proceeding, the *Anno Domini* having stuck to the contents of the paper, had been torn off in his eagerness to come at them. He tried every kind of chemical process to separate this little fragment from the sweet contents to which it adhered; but all in vain:—posterity must remain forever ignorant of the precise date of this important event.

It may well be supposed that the learned doctor returned as soon as he could to the grocer's store, in order to try to recover some more of the precious fragments. But he was told, to his great grief, that if he had only come the day before, he might have had the whole of the record, which had been all employed in packing up sugar and coffee, for a family which had set out that very

morning to take up their residence in the Missouri Territory. The little piece which had been wrapped round his parcel of molasses candy, was all that remained.

The doctor, however, determined to pursue his inquiries further, in order to complete, if possible, the history of this interesting trial, and he was fortunate enough to find among the papers of the Huminube family, a great part of the notes which the reverend parson had taken, while he sat, as the reader will remember, as a kind of moderator of the proceedings. Among those papers was a copy taken in short-hand, (in the decyphering of which my friend Leatherworm was exceedingly expert,) of the judgment of the court, delivered at large by his worship, Justice Slygrave; but of the learned and eloquent speeches of counsellors Staughton and Lazy, not a single trace could be found, except some slight allusion to that of the former, in the judge's sentence.

Tradition, however, informed him that they were both admirable, and that they surpassed every thing which Cicero, Demosthenes, or any of the great orators of antiquity had ever spoken or written. The speech of Counsellor Staughton, it was said, was full of erudite research, and Parson Huminube himself was heard to say, it was a pity that so much talent was employed in a bad cause. Of the learning of his antagonist so much was not

said; but “the thunders of his eloquence shook the house”—such was the forcible language in which the impression made by his speech was still spoken of. It is a matter of deep regret to us that we are not enabled to present to our readers those memorable specimens of Eutopian talent.

The notes of Parson Huminube inform us, that as soon as Justice Slygrave had recovered from the effects produced by the blaze of Mr. Lazy’s eloquence, and had consumed a proper portion of time in consulting with his brethren, he pronounced judgment as follows:—

“The accused will stand up: You, Ebenezer Van Vacuum have been charged with the heinous crime of witchcraft: you have pleaded *not guilty* and have received your trial.

“You have chosen to make a defence—and such a defence as is calculated rather to aggravate than disprove or excuse the offence. Your advocate has not chosen to confine himself to the facts in your own individual case, but has laboured to prove you innocent, by endeavouring to show that no case of the kind can be established by human testimony. This will never do: it had been better if your advocate had held his peace.

“It seems that you commenced your labours with a design upon this town, the nature of which you declined to communicate even to the person who, as it would appear, on all other occasions

enjoyed your confidence. To put this design in execution, you have possessed yourself of the diabolical book which I hold in my hand. This book you may consider as the root of all the evil that is attributed to yourself. Had you never meddled with it—had you never attempted to reduce its teachings to practice in this town, we should have heard of none of these afflictions and bewitchings: there would have been no marvellous noises—no marvellous lights—no swallowing of crooked pins—no bewitched horses—no bewitched churns—no bewitched carts. But of all the modes which the devil has devised to attack the soul through the body—of all the schemes to destroy the purity of the youthful mind, and make it a sink of corruption—of all the means to inflame the unruly passions—the means provided in this book, are calculated to be the most efficacious. Strange as the assertion may appear, nations owe much of their morality to the circumstance of their going clothed.

“Break down this barrier between the sexes—open the door to unchastity, and you open the door to every other species of vice. The devil knows this: he is too cunning an enemy not to know the most eligible point of attack; and never did he make a more cunning attack than in this same book. The very title is only a feeble attempt to hide the cloven foot—*Orchesography*. He

resorts to a dead language for a name to the nefarious art which he teaches, and chooses a papist—a Frenchman—*Thoinet Arbeau*—as the fit instrument of his infernal purposes. What is it? A treatise to teach young people how to leap into the air—make a complete whirligig of themselves, and, in the case of young ladies particularly, to make them expose to the gaze of the young men those parts of the body which modesty invented clothes to conceal. In vain may our girls wear petticoats, if they are to be taught the pranks and capers of this *orchesography*. And when they have sufficiently exhibited themselves in this way, when these vaultings and whirlings in the air have sufficiently gratified the sight and excited the passions of the young men, then they approach each other, take one another by the hand, whirl each other's arms over their heads, and use a variety of contortions of their bodies, which are calculated still more to crown the diabolical character of the proceeding, this is to be called *dancing*!—Dancing forsooth!—was there ever a more abominable perversion of terms! To dancing, legitimately so called, there can be no objection. I dance myself; and what is a more pleasant sight than the tidy female swimming gracefully about the floor, not even the toes of her shoes in sight, taking those steps which modesty and usage have established? No—had you been contented with

real dancing, instead of endeavouring to perfect yourself in the black arts taught in this book, that you might teach them to others, and thus turn the heads and heels of all the young people in Eutopia; had you been contented with the well known and I may say, orthodox steps, had you, in short, been contented to cut it down in the good old way, we had not now been trying you for witchcraft.

“Of witchcraft, technically so called, the court can scarcely adjudge you guilty; though persons have been convicted upon slighter testimony than that which stands against you: but the craft, of which you evidently are guilty, is nearly as pernicious as witchcraft itself, and merits such a measure of punishment as will serve effectually to put it down for the future.

“The sentence of the court is, that your book of orchesography be burned at the whipping-post: that you do enter into proper bonds, conditioned that you will commit no more rigadoons, pigeon-wings, or the like nefarious and damnable manœuvres. And as the evidence appears to leave it somewhat doubtful whether you be really a witch or not, the court will further subject you to what is called the trial by water: you will therefore, be taken from the place whence you came; and, to-morrow, at the hour of ten, *ante meridiem*, be conveyed thence to the borders of Round

Pond; there placed on a staging erected for the purpose; your coat and waistcoat severed from your body; your left hand tied to your right foot, and your right hand to your left foot; and you be in this manner let into the water. In case you should sink, you are proved to be no witch; but otherwise, should you float."

This judgment was a surprise upon most of the audience, and gave an equal blow to the pride of both the orators who had volunteered in the case.

Tully Staughton hastened to his office, threw himself in a chair, clapped both feet against the mantle-piece, a trick acquired at college, hung his head, and ruminated. In the first place, he had purposely kept back his client's book, which furnished a clue to all the other facts testified against him, that the case might remain in doubt, and afford scope for a great speech, and had been obliged to give up the book after all. Then he must needs make a speech, notwithstanding all this—and had been told by the judge, that it did more harm than good. These things caused him to abate much of that high value, which he ordinarily set upon himself, or, as it is sometimes forcibly expressed, to feel very cheap.

Ralph Lazy also betook himself to his office, and fell into a chair: but to raise his feet to the mantle-piece, being an exertion beyond his na-

ture, he thrust out both legs parallel to each other, inserted his hands in his waistcoat, commenced rolling his thumbs over one another, and felt sadly mortified for having been so free in bestowing his humble opinion on all around him during the progress of the trial. For in all his shrewd remarks, he had been utterly mistaken; and he formed a resolution, which may have lasted eight and forty hours, to be cautious in future how he "talked wisely."

But our friend Skenedo has by this time awakened, and we must make haste to return to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Who killed cock-robin?

HIST. COCK-ROB.

SKENEDO was an early riser; and the circumstances in which we left him and his party—cast upon an island, from which there appeared no practicable mode of escape to the main land—was by no means calculated to diminish his vigilance. On the morning succeeding the disastrous accident, which befell the contents of his tobacco-pouch, he was on his feet long before the sun looked over the mountain-tops, to paint his brilliant bow in the mists, which the fall of waters was constantly sending into the air. An object immediately engrossed his vision, the sight of which surprised him nearly as much as Tassa's unexpected apparition in his late lodging-place. The very tree which Homebred had pitched upon to fell and put across from the bank of the river to the island, could he have reached the main land, was lying prostrate, and in the very position best fitted for escape! He unconsciously let off a volley of Mingo exclamations, and then awoke Tassa and the

captain to participate in the contemplation of the wonder.

It was agreed on all hands, however, to adjourn to the main land, before they indulged in those speculations, which the event was calculated to suggest. And they found it, after all, a matter of no small difficulty and hazard to cross such a channel on no better bridge than the trunk of a tree. Homebred first adventured. The tree vacillated somewhat under his tread; and the effect of the whirling and rushing waters below, upon his sense of seeing, was by no means such as to counteract his unsteadiness of foot. He succeeded, however, in attaining the bank of the river; and, with his assistance, Skenedo and Tassa, and the luggage were all safely translated to the main land.

Skenedo's first business, after the accomplishment of his escape, was to examine whether the tree had been blown down by the wind, or upturned by some other agency:—a point which was soon decided; as it evidently appeared, that the earth had been removed from the roots of the tree, before it fell. This occurrence, connected with the strange story told by Tassa, excited in the old man a train of reverie, which terminated in a state of mind little short of the most visionary superstition. He remembered that in the white man's Bible, the Evil Spirit is denominated "the

prince of the power of the air;" and that while at Dartmouth, he had often heard the doctrine inculcated, that the air is peopled with invisible beings who watch over the affairs of mankind. But never until now, had he been disposed to yield his faith to any thing like unseen agency and supernatural interposition; and even now he rather feared than believed. His mind was harassed with the incessant dread of some indefinable mischief; and, during the whole of that day's journey, he appeared to be perpetually on the look out for some untoward accident.

Towards evening, as they were ascending from a dismal valley, overshadowed by thickset and luxuriant hemlocks, his fears were to a good degree realized. The two dogs, which had been scouring the woods at some distance from the party, now came running towards their master, with tails and ears hanging down, and their whole appearance indicating a degree of consternation, which he had never before known them to betray. They insisted upon thrusting themselves between his legs; and he had much to do to prevent them from taking that position. A strange crackling noise was now heard at no great distance from them, and in the next instant an enormous panther bounded into view.

Among the earlier Mingoes, whose weapons were not competent to the destruction of this fe-

rocious animal, a belief obtained that its destruction was impossible—that it was in fact the evil spirit, who had chosen to appear in this shape. The belief, however, had lost ground since the introduction of rifles: Skenedo had never given into it, but his imagination was now prepared to imbibe the grossest superstitions: the moment he saw the panther, his mind overcame his body: he swooned and fell. Tassa, partly from the effect of the same traditional superstition, and partly from sympathy with her father, also fainted and dropped by his side. As Skenedo was falling, however, he employed the last glimpse of sense in reaching his own rifle to Captain Homebred.

The career of the savage animal was scarcely checked by the sight of human beings. He came bounding onwards towards the captain, as if glorying in his agility and power. When he had approached within three or four rods, he sprang into a tree, ran out upon a large limb, crouched, fixed his eyes upon those of the captain, and commenced a sort of languid vibration of his tail. The captain was sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the animal, to know, that if he ceased for an instant to look him directly in the eye, it would inevitably spring upon him. To take sight on his rifle, however, it was necessary at least for an instant to remove his eyes: as he brought it to his cheek, therefore, the panther raised itself a

little, thrust its hinder legs further forward on the limb, to gain a better purchase, and was evidently on the point of making her leap. He lowered his rifle, and again met the eyes of the animal. Several times he made a similar experiment with a similar result. At length he brought his rifle to bear, by a quick motion, partly by sight and partly by guess. On the instant that he pulled the trigger, he saw the panther in the air, her feet extended, her mouth wide open, and her glaring eyes flashing the most savage ferocity. He clubbed his rifle to smite her as she came near him; but, being evidently wounded, she struck the ground several feet short of him, snatched up and whirled over her head the lesser of the two dogs, and then betook herself again to the tree. Assuming the same position as before, she entered upon the same deliberate watchfulness. She allowed Homebred, however, to take more careful sight than before: he aimed again at her head with Skenedo's rifle, and she received the shot without stirring a muscle.

His ammunition was now exhausted, for Skenedo, out of abundant caution, had never suffered him to carry any more powder and ball than was deposited in the chamber of his rifle: and it was impossible now to withdraw his eyes from the panther long enough to search for an additional charge. He therefore turned his rifle end for end

—determined, should she leap, to fight the battle with it as well as he might be able. He had scarcely done thus, when he saw her spring convulsively several feet perpendicularly into the air, fall with a heavy crash to the ground, turn back her head, stretch her quivering limbs, and expire. At the same instant with her spring, he heard, though indistinctly the crack of a rifle.

He now applied himself to the resuscitation of Skenedo and Tassa, which he was soon enabled to effect. He then proceeded to examine the wounds of the panther.

“Wah!” exclaimed Skenedo, when he saw the beast lying dead; “Skenedo is old and good for nothing, but very glad the white man has killed the panther.”

“It was not the white man that did it,” answered Homebred; “or at least it was not I.”

“Not you!—who then?” rejoined Skenedo.

“That I don’t know,” continued the captain; “but that I did not, I can soon show you; examine your bullet-pouch, and see if any balls have been taken out since you last loaded the rifles.”

Skenedo examined, and declared that no balls were missing.

“Then,” said Homebred, “I could have shot but two, and here are three in the panther’s neck—feel for yourself.”

Skenedo examined without delay.—Three there

were, sure enough.—He now drew his knife, and cut them all out; weighed them, one after the other in his hand; then tried them in succession with his grinders; and lastly, cut off a piece of each, so as to expose a new surface, which he turned in all directions.

“Mingo lead,” said he at last, “Mingo lead, every one of them.”—I must here note that the Mingoes, from time immemorial, procured their supplies of lead from a mine, known only to themselves, which afforded the metal almost in its virgin purity. Skenedo, from his long acquaintance with it, could distinguish it from all other lead.—“No,” he continued, “there must be some mistake, white man must have shot three times.”

“To show that I could not have shot three times—answer me this question, would the panther have suffered me to go around, and take a position behind her?”

“O no, no, no,” was the answer.

“Then observe,” continued the captain, “the third ball entered the left fore-shoulder, and you cut it out forward of the right fore-shoulder—so that it must have come in a direction nearly opposite to that in which I shot.”

At this fact, the old man was completely posed: the previous evidences of supernatural agency again rushed upon his mind; and he sunk

into a state of superstitious rumination, more profound than ever. The business of making preparations to pass the night, afforded some diversion to his thoughts: but, even while thus employed, the incoherent words, which constantly escaped him, showed how strong a hold the subject had taken of his mind.

CHAPTER XIV.

Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.

JEFFERSON'S NOTES.

SKENEDO passed the night in feverish anxiety, and rose in the morning with a mind foreboding calamity, and tremblingly alive in the expectation of its momentary occurrence. His principal fear was for Tassa. There had been no anomalous incidents prior to her coming; and he worked himself into the belief that her destiny was in some mysterious way connected with the invisible power, whose dealings had caused him so much perplexity and dread.

As she awoke, the indications of disease in her countenance strongly confirmed him in this notion. What with her adventure in the water, and the fatigue of travelling, to which she was not much accustomed, she had a slight fever, just enough to heighten a little the colour of her cheek, and the brilliancy of her eye. She declared that she was not so ill as to be unable to travel, but her father insisted that she was, and showed himself determined to take decisive measures to subdue the fever in its incipency. He was at first clear for

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her continuing the recumbent posture; but on her strongly remonstrating against it, he stepped off a little distance, and brought a large flat stone, upon which he laid a folded blanket, and told her to sit there, leaning her back against one of the stakes which had been driven into the ground for the construction of their wigwam. Next, forgetting his habitual caution, he bid Homebred take his seat on a log near her, to watch her, while he went in search of herbs to cure her, and to sound the alarm by a whoop, should any thing untoward occur.

Homebred felt his situation to be extremely awkward, and many an expedient did he try to occupy his eyes in some other way than that of staring directly into Tassa's face. At last he bethought himself of his pocket compass: that might at least divert Tassa and afford him partial relief. He took it out and held it towards her: she smiled, and was reaching out her hand to receive it, when she suddenly threw her eyes around, sprang upward and forward, placed both hands upon Homebred's breast, and fairly pushed him over the log. In the same instant he heard the crack of a rifle. He rose with all haste, and could scarcely credit his eye-sight: there lay Tassa on her side, the blood jetting from her temples; and the thought that she had probably again saved his life, and this time at the expense of her own, had scarcely darted through his mind, when the

author of the mischief burst upon his sight. It was the ferocious *Toxus*, in all the plenitude of his ferocity. As soon as he was near enough to see distinctly that he had missed his intended victim, and killed Tassa, he dashed his rifle upon the ground, began to fumble for his knife, and bent his accelerated steps towards Homebred. But so eager was he for vengeance, and so much agitated by the violence of his rage, that he did not readily find the handle of his bloody weapon. Homebred rushed upon him; threw both arms around his; and for a time bound them to his body. Exerting his strength to the utmost, however, and twisting his elastic and limber frame in all directions, *Toxus* very soon succeeded in releasing his arms, and in grappling them about the body of Homebred; the latter was of course held at a disadvantage, both his arms being over those of his enemy, so that he was unable to bring his strength fully to bear upon those points, at which its exertion would be most likely to ensure the overthrow of his antagonist. To counterbalance this advantage, Homebred's habits of labour had strengthened the muscles of his arms and back; whereas *Toxus* had lived up to the Indian doctrine, that heavy lifting or hard work causes the hand to tremble, and incapacitates it for holding the rifle true to the mark.

Both parties now struggled with whatever

power or skill they had derived from nature or art, each stimulated to his utmost efforts by the desperate consciousness that it was the last struggle in which one of them would bear a part. Toxus was by far the fiercest and most active. Homebred was contented to foil his wild throws, and to make an occasional pass, as he saw his strength might be exerted to advantage. At length, however, it was his misfortune to tread upon a round stick, which rolling under his foot, threw him from his balance, and he fell. But no sooner had his back touched the ground, than by a dexterous slight, he turned the savage under him: Toxus, however, making his last exertion of strength, succeeded in regaining the upper hand: but he exerted too much strength for his purpose: he was unable to arrest himself at the top, so that Homebred by another effort again brought him under, and there held him. Toxus now threw his arms upon the ground in token of surrender, and passed his hand under his chin as a sign for Homebred to cut his throat. But observing that Skenedo was at hand, Homebred arose, and left the conquered savage stretched upon the ground.

Skenedo was, indeed, at hand; but the two combatants occupied no part of his attention. He was standing, in motionless quiescence, by the side of Tassa—his eyes fixed with a statue-like gaze upon her countenance, and not even a tear

stealing down his cheek, to indicate that life had not departed. His grief was too profound for tears. Toxus, rising very deliberately from the ground, walked up to Skenedo—dropped upon his knees, and offered the handle of his tomahawk, saying—

“Strike!—Toxus did it. Toxus has always been doing mischief to Skenedo. Strike!—Toxus followed Skenedo, determined to be revenged on the white man, should he ever find him making love to Tassa. Toxus carried Tassa into Skenedo’s lodging, when the lightning had struck her to the ground:—Toxus felled the tree, by which Skenedo and Tassa and the white man escaped from the island:—Toxus shot the panther all for Tassa’s sake:—and he shot Tassa too. He aimed at the white man: but Tassa saw him—sprang against the white man, and received the ball herself. Strike! bury the tomahawk in a head that has ever been plotting mischief against Skenedo. It is Skenedo’s right:—Toxus killed his Tassa—Strike!” Here Toxus endeavoured to thrust the handle of his tomahawk into the old chief’s hand; but he grasped it not; and it fell to the ground.

“Skenedo will not take his revenge!” exclaimed Toxus. “Toxus will not accept his life: he will not be forgiven.”

In saying this, he rose—unsheathed his knife, and exclaiming—“Go!—go!—Mischief!”—buri-

ed it repeatedly in his breast. After inflicting several blows in rapid succession, he reeled and fell: but still continued to strike; and after all motion had ceased in other parts of his body, it still continued in his right arm:—the very last effort of his existence was a feeble and abortive attempt to stab himself.

Skenedo, in the mean time, continued his fixed position near Tassa. Suddenly, however, his frame gave way, as if the chords which held it up had simultaneously snapped asunder. Homebred intercepted his fall, and let him gently to the ground, supporting his head upon one knee. The agony of his soul was too intense for longer continuance: it relaxed into that softer form of grief, which finds relief in tears: the flood burst the barrier of Indian pride; and the big drops chased each other down his venerable cheeks. By degrees his senses returned; and, assuming the upright sitting posture, he commenced a plaintive song of death, at first, in low, tremulous, and broken tones; but gradually resuming command over his voice, he at length poured out his soul in wild and varied strains of lamentation, over the last of his own little flock, and the last of his race, except himself. Homebred understood not the words; but never had he heard sounds, which so completely impressed him with an idea of loneliness and moral desolation—with the picture of

a mind bereft of its last comfort and its last hope.

After finishing his lament, he rose; and, observing Homebred's face screwed into a painful expression of sympathy—the water standing in his eyes—he said to him, with a sort of smile—

“All over now, white man—no help—Skene-do has done weeping forever. Where's Toxus?”

Homebred pointed to him with his finger; for just then he dared not trust his tongue.

“Ha!—Toxus too!” exclaimed the old chief—
“and by his own hand!” and then followed this broken epitome of his character:—

“Like him!—Indian—all Indian:—Not like Indians now—like Indian winters and winters ago:—No Indians since the white man came—all gone:—Shrunk—dwindled:—But Toxus true Indian—fear nothing—forgive nothing—forget nothing:—No rules—no bounds—no rest:—War—hunt:—Now skulk—now run—now fight:—Every thing, till conquered—then nothing—give up—but never beg for life—bleed—burn—but never beg:—Cunning—secret—never smiled, but to eat you up.”

He now chanted a few more staves over the dead body; and then made Homebred a sign to assist him in giving burial to both the deceased.

This they did, by surrounding each body, where it lay, with a wall of stones, and then covering it with earth.

But we will leave for a moment these melancholy scenes, and see what is doing at Eutopia.

CHAPTER XV.

For Withrington I needs must wail,
 As one in doleful dumps:
 For, when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

CHEVY CHASE.

LIKE the knight of the ballad, Mr. Van Vacuum was now reduced to his stumps. Though proved to be no witch by the trial by water, which he regularly underwent, as did his book the trial by fire, yet, from the ungenerous nature of man, he could not be forgiven: a certain odium still dwelt upon his character: he was regarded as a man, whom it was not perfectly safe to trust, or very reputable any longer to know: his company was shunned: in a little week, his school dwindled to nothing; and many taking advantage of his depressed fortunes, neglected to pay him for the instruction of their children. Add to this, that his pecuniary supplies from England, had, for some reason or other, ceased to reach him, and that he was still indebted to Mrs. Blaxton, for nearly the whole of his board and lodging. It is not wonderful, therefore, that he should become a prey to

what has been called, by way of eminence, the "English malady;" nor that he should resolve on the English mode of getting rid of it. Melancholy enough he was; and he now seriously made up his mind to go into the woods and hang himself.

Hope presented but one other possible resource. Could he accomplish a union with Miss Blaxton, he should at once discharge the debt to her mother, and secure an independent living for the future. The manner in which she had repelled his previous approaches, though it might have rendered desperate a man bred in any other school of love, was by no means such as to destroy the hopes of a disciple of Ovid. The perturbation, which had nearly overcome Miss Blaxton, when called upon as a witness at his trial, and her having afterwards, so boldly, as he thought, taken his part, he very complacently attributed to her concern for his welfare; and, what seemed to justify this view of the case—since he had been in a measure, proscribed by the rest of the community, it was her generous nature to treat him with more than usual attention.

With the aid, therefore, of his other English malady—the most egregious vanity—he brought himself to believe, that his interest in the affections of Miss Blaxton, was still sufficient to make her choose rather to take him "for better, for worse," than to see him perish by his own hand.

The experiments of the same kind already made, were of no weight against this conclusion, since they were not experiments fairly made. He was not sincere in making them; a circumstance, which could not escape the sagacity of Miss Blaxton; and hence the levity and contempt, with which she treated them. But she would not fail to discover, that he was now serious; and, this difference between the cases was sufficient to found a hope, that the effect of the contemplated experiment upon her mind would be far different from that of those, which he had before made.

But how should he go about obtaining her consent to meet him in the woods, where he intended to make away with himself? He consulted his master Naso, from whom he learned that the lover must lie whole nights at the posts of his mistress's door, and his fugitive reading had further informed him, that in the golden age of the tender passion in Europe, when courts were established to settle disputes between lovers, it was also necessary to parade during the same part of the twenty-four hours under your mistress's window, in order to obtain a favour from her. His plan, therefore, was soon formed.

Miss Blaxton's dormitory was on the ground-floor, though considerably elevated from the ground. One night, as she lay awake, a groan assailed her ear, as if from some human being in

distress immediately in her vicinity. On its being repeated, she rose, habited herself in haste, went to the window, and threw up the sash. Lo! her "precious Ebenezer" at full length upon the cold earth, reclining upon his elbow, and with a most sentimental hang of the head. As she raised the window, he heaved another dismal

"Heigho!"

"Heigho," returned Mary in the same subdued tone of sentimentality.

"Heigho!" again ejaculated "sweet Van."

"Heigho," again answered Mary.

"Heigho!" once more came from the very depths of Mr. Van Vacuum's soul.

Mary repeated from Shakspeare—

"Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving is folly."

"Now Mr. Van Vacuum, I would fain know if this is the way to serenade a lady? Is this the result of all my endeavours to teach you how to make love in the proper and received modes? Where's your lute? Where's your song?"

"Miss Blaxton may not know," he answered, gathering himself up, and resting as gracefully as he could upon one knee; "Miss Blaxton may not know that I can neither sing, nor play upon any instrument."

"So much the worse for you—it is time you could," said Mary—

" 'He that has no music in his soul,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.' "

"Song—music, sir, are the only things with which it is proper to gain the ear of a lady in the night time, and under her window."

"But though this way may be proper and usual, Miss Blaxton," returned the kneeling Ovidian, "I trust you will not deny there are other modes of address which may equally come from the heart."

"Heart!" exclaimed Mary. "Heart, Mr. Van Vacuum! Why, hearts have been out of fashion these hundred years. Do you think we live in the time of Adam and Eve? Hearts have nothing to do in the case. Besides, wherefore talk of the interior, when your outward appearance has so few indications of the tender passion? What says the poet? 'Your hose should be unbound, your bonnet unbended, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation.' But you are no such man: you are rather spruce in your accoutrements; more as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other. Thus saith the poet; and how aptly he depicts your own condition at this very moment, Mr. Van Vacuum!"

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"I trust," rejoined the latter, "I trust Miss Blaxton will not contend that neatness and cleanliness of person is inconsistent with warmth of affection and sincerity of intention?"

"Sincerity again!" exclaimed Mary—"do I not tell you that *sincerity* and all that, has nothing to do in the case? It is a virtue out of date. Bring me none of your sincerity; but bring me a sonnet about the scorn I treat you with, then I will treat you with scorn again, and then you must write another sonnet, and so on: that's the way to proceed, sir—besides, sincerity, quotha! If you are really for an elopement, where is your rope-ladder? Where is your means to accomplish my descent from the window? Do you think I mean to elope in good faith? to jump outright from the window?"

"Miss Blaxton, I have come here upon no such idle project. I have simply come here to request a small boon of you—and it is the only boon I shall ever request—which is, that you would be pleased to favour me with a moment's conversation to-morrow, in the forenoon, in the little grove of second growth, on the south side of Round Pond."

"Was there ever!" exclaimed Mary; "was ever such a request made to a young lady! Can you find it in any of the books? Why, how do I know but you intend to cut my throat, Mr. Van

Vacuum? Or do me some other mortal mischief?"

"As I live, Miss Blaxton, by all the immortal lights which now brighten the heavens over our heads, nay, by the Author of them all, I vow to you that I do not intend you the slightest harm of any kind!"

"Ah! now you say something," returned Mary; "now you talk more like a man. Oaths are the thing: there is no resisting oaths: therefore hear me in turn:—

'I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke:—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.' "

Mary had scarcely uttered her vow when her mother flew into the room, exclaiming, as she entered—

"What is going forward here? What are you doing at that window, miss? Ha!" she continued, as she thrust her head out at the window, "I see you doubling the corner there, Mr. Van Vacuum. So, Miss! you have come to this, have you! Holding converse with a man out of the

window at this time of night! I suppose the next we hear of you will be in the newspapers my pretty Lady Van Vacuum! I hope you won't fail, my dear daughter, to send me the gazettes regularly, as you promised, when you get to London. Get you to bed immediately! I promise you, you shall not get to London as speedily as you imagine. Get you to bed—go. I shall sit here by this window, this night. I'll promise you, you don't elope this night, my lady—and hereafter you will sleep in my room upstairs, sweet Lady Van!"

The good old lady kept her word, and while she is watching at Mary's window to prevent an escape which the poor girl little dreamed of, we will escape ourselves to the woods where we left Skenedo and Homebred, paying the last sad duties to the remains of Toxus and of his heroic and unfortunate victim.

CHAPTER XVI.

And there sits Fortune, with malicious eye,
 And more malicious smile—her treach'rous hand
 Upon the wheel of man's poor destinies;
 Whereon all creep—each striving for the top:
 And ever and anon she whirls it round—
 And scatters us in every direction—
 Lighting we scarce know where, or why, or how—
 All disappointed, or for worse, or better.

NEMO.

As soon as the tumuli thrown over the bodies of Tassa and Toxus were finished, Skenedo hastened his preparations to continue the journey, and escaped with all speed from the fatal spot. Nor did Homebred ever after hear him mention the name of Tassa—nor allude, in the remotest manner, either in look, word or deed, to the occurrences of that day.

The captain's sympathy with the old man, in his bereavement, filled him with divers very generous resolutions in his behalf. Among the rest, he laid before him a proposition, that they should return; that he, Homebred, would become a son to him—serve him—study his comforts—take care of him in all things; and that, moreover, he

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would now take a Mingo wife, whether she were exactly to his taste or not.

"Now!" exclaimed the old man—"How do you know a Mingo girl would have you now? Indians have some pride as well as the whites. All our young women know you have slighted them:—they would slight you now.—No, white man! We must go on."

On they accordingly went for several days. One morning, as Homebred awoke, he was surprised to see the sumpter-nag standing at a considerable distance, with her broadside towards him, and old Skenedo's face more highly painted than usual, just peering above her back. "Now," he said to himself, "what new scheme can this old fox be upon!" But he had no time for further reflection; as he saw a motion on the part of the old man, which he readily construed into an order for him to approach. He obeyed; and, when within a few paces of the spot, Skenedo pointed to the south-east. Homebred looked; and, on the instant, exclaimed, "it is not—" and made for a beech tree which stood near. "It is not possible!" he reiterated, as, forgetting his manhood, he scrambled up the tree with the agility of his boyish days. "It cannot be!—I won't believe it!" he continued to ejaculate, as he ascended through the branches; and, having attained nearly the top of the tree, he stretched forth

his hands, as if to embrace some object, and cried out—

“It is!—it is!—old Eutopia forever!—I can distinguish every house:—Mr. Dudley’s, Mr. Hooker’s, Mr. Skinner’s, Mr. Staughton’s, Mr. Hoadley’s, Mrs. Blax——” But at Mrs. Blaxton’s he stopped short—the why and wherefore I take to be utterly inscrutable. Skenedo now called to him—

“What’s the matter, white man?”

“Nothing, in particular,” he answered.

“Well, then, come down,” said Skenedo.

“In a moment, good Skenedo. Let me look one moment longer!”

“Not a breath! Come down, I say,” continued the old man, in a most harsh, authoritative tone.

The captain now began to descend; not, however, with the same activity and spirit with which he had ascended. He could not say with Virgil, *facilis descensus*; but rather with Milton, “descent to us is adverse.” He let himself down from limb to limb, much after the animal so aptly named the sloth; reflecting in his progress, that, had he been more cunning—had he not suffered his simplicity to betray him, and suppressed his joy, under a show of indifference—he might have escaped the mischief, whatever it might be, which Skenedo’s unusual severity of manner appeared to portend; and, when he reached the ground, he

thought he had never before seen in Skenedo's face the pitiless ferocity of the untamed savage so strongly marked.

"White man!" said he, "Skenedo asks—white man must answer. Does he remember whether the white man ever sent Indians into a far country, and sold them for slaves?"

"I wish I could forget it, Skenedo," answered the captain; "but it was more than a hundred years ago—and was done only in a very few instances."

"Does the white man know, whether these Indians, that were thus sent into a far country, were first permitted to see their native villages?"

"I presume not," was the answer.

"Then the white man will see that Skenedo treats him with more humanity; for, before he carries the white man into the far country, he suffers him to see his old dwelling place, and take leave of it."

"Skenedo may think this great humanity; but the white man differs with him in opinion: it is like lifting him into the air, to let him fall on a rock."

"But Skenedo thought," rejoined the old chief, "that the white man's mind was fully made up to go and get a wife—and live with the Indians—and be Skenedo's son—and all that. Skenedo thought from the white man's good talk, that he was perfectly reconciled to his fate!"

"And so I am, sir," returned the captain with some asperity; "and the sooner we quit this place the better."

"But, before we go, white man, Skenedo must ask another question. Does the white man remember that an Indian came to Eutopia, and received very ill treatment there, a few moons ago?"

"I don't know that any Indian has been ill-treated at Eutopia, since my remembrance."

"Does the white man call refusing an Indian food, and abusing him at the same time, good treatment?"

"Certainly not," answered Homebred.

"Then does the white man remember whether an Indian did not go into the tavern in Eutopia, and ask for food—and whether the landlady did not tell him she did not keep a house for copper faces, and would give him no meat?"

"Aye, now you mention the circumstance, I do remember something of it."

"And does the white man further remember, whether some person did not tell the landlady to give the Indian food, and he would pay for it?"

"Yes, and if I am not mistaken, I said so myself."

"Take care, white man! Be sure, now, that you are not remembering things in order to change Skenedo's purposes!"

"I pretend not to have any title to Skenedo's confidence, but I do now distinctly recollect that I was the man."

"Tell Skenedo, then, if you be the man, what the Indian said to that person, before he left the room!"

"Really, Mr. Skenedo," rejoined the captain, somewhat nettled, "this is very tedious and very unpleasant: I know not what this sifting is to lead to: I did not charge my memory with the facts at the time: my memory is not very good; and, as you have already been pleased to suspect me of prevarication, I beg to be excused from answering any further questions."

"Prisoner!" said Skenedo sternly, "tell Skenedo, if you can, what the Indian said before he left the room."

"Why, according to the best of my remembrance," answered Homebred, "he said he would repay me, or something to that effect. But I have never thought of it from that time to this: I never expected the money again: it was a mere trifle, and I should scorn to receive it if it were offered to me now."

At these words the old chief dropped for a moment behind his nag; and then stalked around her head in full view of the captain. The paint being removed, it was the same old benevolent visage which the captain had seen at the tavern, and the

same calico garments covered the figure which now stood before him.

"Then *Charles Homebred*," said he, "will not receive any payment!"

This disclosure, taking the captain when entirely off his guard, produced so violent an agitation of conflicting feelings, as at their first shock, completely to unman him. He instantly burst into a convulsive laugh at the deep-laid joke of Skenedo; but the laugh ~~was~~ ^{as} instantaneously quenched and succeeded by a downright blubbering cry. This latter, however, was but momentary. After the first impulse was past, he regained in a good degree his self-possession, and approached Skenedo with his hand, but without being able to speak a word. They shook hands, as if they now saw each other for the first time, since they parted in Mrs. Blaxton's bar-room; and Skenedo's next business was to produce from the luggage imposed upon his bare-boned jade the very garments in which the captain had been taken prisoner. The latter was by no means backward in covering himself once more in habits of a civilized fashion. Skenedo then began to make some movements indicative of a design immediately to return; but by the earnest entreaties of Homebred, he was induced to go first with him into the village; and thither accordingly they took their way. Homebred exercised the New Eng-

land privilege, by asking many questions, tending to extract from the old man an explanation of many parts of his conduct, which appeared irreconcilable with his design of finally restoring him to the place of his nativity. Skenedo cleared up the darkest points by a reference to Indian character and customs; and such as still remained obscure were easily explicable to one knowing the sage's own habits of extravagant caution. At length the captain suddenly halted, and begged Skenedo also to stay his steps. A sight met his view, with which he was deeply affected: the reason will appear in the sequel.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Tis true no lover has the pow'r
 To enforce a desperate amour,
 As he that has two strings t' his bow,
 And burns for love and money too;
 For then he's brave and resolute,
 Disdains to render in his suit,
 Has all his flame and passions double,
 And drowns or hangs with half the trouble.

BUTLER.

MARY BLAXTON was punctual in her promise to meet Mr. Van Vacuum in the wood; and she found him already at the spot, prepared to "play his trick of desperation"—but lost in the most profound cogitation.

"What," said she, on approaching him, "turned statue, Mr. Van Vacuum!—A fine attitude!—Have you changed your hand, and taken to acting still life?"

After a laborious respiration, "Ah!" said he, "it will soon be still life indeed with me, Miss Blaxton."

"Heigho! Why, what now?" returned Mary.

"Miss Blaxton scarcely needs to ask that question:—She knows what:—She knows my present

situation; and she must know who is the authoress of my calamities.—Had I returned to England as soon as I ought to have done—had I not been spell-bound, as it were, to Eutopia—had I not, to speak plainly, been blindly and fatally attached to you, Miss Blaxton—I should have avoided the difficulties, in which I now find myself involved, and from which I know but one mode of escape. I have tarried here until my pecuniary supplies from England have stopped—until I have been disgraced, and, as it were, hunted out of society—my school gone—and I left embarrassed by debts, which I know not how to pay. All this, I may truly say, I have suffered for you, Miss Blaxton. You have seen me descend step by step, into this ‘deep,’ (than which there is no ‘lower deep,’) of wretchedness. It has been in your power, by one little act—by merely extending your hand, to arrest my downward career; but you have rather chosen to accelerate it. It seems to have been your pleasure to accomplish my ruin: and, I have thought, that, could you witness the last struggle of my existence, your happiness would be complete. And your happiness is all I desire in this world.—I have now but one alternative left—either to be devoured by vermin in a loathsome jail, or to rid myself of existence in a more expeditious and decent manner.—It is in your power as you well know, Miss Blaxton, to

extricate me from my difficulties—prevent this catastrophe—and make me happy forever.—But it will be more agreeable to you to see me hang like a felon, upon a tree :—and I shall now proceed to gratify you with the sight.”

“ But how, Mr. Van Vacuum? Where is the tree you are to hang on? Where’s your hempen cord?”

“ There are more ways than one, Miss Blaxton. I suppose my handkerchief will not do as well as a rope !—I suppose I can’t tie one end around my neck—bend down this sapling—attach to it the other end, and let it launch me into eternity !”

“ But would not a razor, or a musket answer your turn better?”

“ I understand you, Miss Blaxton. I had not the same overwhelming reasons for self-destruction formerly that I have now.—You will find that I am now serious.—I am a desperate man, Miss Blaxton—a desperate man.” And here Mr. Van Vacuum commenced tying the handkerchief about his neck.

“ Pshaw !” said Mary, “ that is no hangman’s knot, Mr. Van Vacuum.—If you must hang, let it be done in style :—Let me show you.”

“ As you please, Miss Blaxton. I knew it would give you joy to put the finishing hand to poor Ebenezer Van Vacuum. You can be my executioner if you please. I well know, that pre

vious occurrences give you some title to treat this business lightly, Miss Blaxton:—but, whatever might have taken place formerly, depend upon it, my purpose is now fixed.”

“And so is the handkerchief, sir:—now for the sapling,” continued Mary, making a bustle as if to pull it down; Mr. Van Vacuum’s eyes, in the mean time, beginning to see things darkly, and his head growing giddy.

“Ready!” exclaimed Mary. “There you go”—and she twitched the handkerchief upward, so as to draw the noose somewhat tightly around his neck. This slight stricture on the windpipe completed the dispersion of his senses; and he fell backward, like a statue displaced from its pedestal.

“Admirable!” exclaimed Miss Blaxton. “Never was fainting better performed:—David Garrick could not play it better:—you must go upon the stage—indeed you must, Mr. Van Vacuum.—Upon my word though,” she continued, looking a little closer, “I don’t know whether this be a counterfeit, or not. I believe the man has really fainted, and I must go and bring assistance.”

And she immediately directed her steps towards a field at no great distance, in which some young men of the village were at work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I will run as far as God has any ground.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

It was the scene just described, that arrested the steps of Homebred and Skenedo. As soon as Mary Blaxton had quitted the prostrate victim of her cruelty, they approached the spot; and the captain, bringing in his cap some water from the pond, dashed it upon his face, and he soon began to show signs of recovery. The captain stood over him, watching the progress of returning sense; and as soon as his sight was sufficiently restored to enable him to distinguish objects, fixing his eyes full upon Homebred's face, he uttered in a hollow voice—

“Ha! captain!—is it true then!—have I really passed!—am I indeed in the world of departed spirits!”

“To be sure,” answered the captain. “You are now in purgatory, departed shade of Ebenezer Van Vacuum.”

“Ah, Captain Homebred!” continued the departed shade, “you have been dead a good while: but I even now feel the pangs of my recent disso-

lution. I died a wretched death, captain, I was hung—hung in my own handkerchief—hung like a slip-noosed pheasant on a sapling—hung by the prettiest, loveliest, cruelest girl!—hung, captain, by no other than your own Mary Blaxton!”

“Impossible! How can that be!” exclaimed Homebred.

“Easily enough, captain. You shall hear. After you were gone, captain, you know it was no breach of honour or privilege for me to pay my addresses to Miss Blaxton. I did so, I was a most ardent and faithful lover. I tried every art set down in the books, and more too: coaxed, threatened, flattered, attempted to frighten: at one time offered to blow my brains out in her presence: the vixen managed to get my gun from me, and then was going to blow out my brains herself: at another time threatened to cut my throat before her face, and she coolly told me the blood would defile the floor. At last I was driven to utter desperation—they tried me for a witch, and disgraced me. I staid in Eutopia for Mary’s sake, till my pecuniary resources failed, and I was over head and ears in debt. There was no way left but to hang myself, unless Mary would at last have pity on me. I persuaded her to meet me in a certain wood, where I intended to dispatch myself, thinking that she might at last be

moved. But no: so far from it, when I was about to tie the handkerchief, she volunteered her services—acted as my jack-catch—and here I am.”

“This is all pretence and prevarication, manes of the departed school-master,” said Homebred. “You would have me believe that it was not till after my decease that you began your suit to Miss Blaxton, which you know to be false: then you meanly seek to make Mary Blaxton responsible for your death, in order to escape the punishments inflicted in these regions upon the self-murderer. But the device will not avail you. Your case is already known and decided, for the judges here are obliged to despatch business; and your torments and tormentors are already at hand.”

“Is—is that one of them?” asked the culprit, turning his eye upon Skenedo.

“Yes,” answered the captain; “he will first take you in hand. He will begin by tomahawking and scalping you: your head will then heal up in the course of a few hours; when he will repeat the operation, your head again become sound, and so on for a billion of years.”

“O captain! captain! any other tormentor but one in the shape of an American Indian! Any other punishment but that of tomahawking and scalping: punish me to all eternity if you please; but don’t—don’t set an American Indian upon me.”

“Ah! you will soon be out of his hands. A billion of years is but a short time here—you will next be placed on the paddles of a large wheel, which turns over an immense caldron of molten lead, kept in constant ebullition by the eternal fires of purgatory; and it will depend upon your own skill and dexterity, whether you keep yourself upon the circumference of the wheel, or fall into the molten lead below. In this exercise you will also be kept but a short time—one hundred billion of years!”

“One hundred billion of years!—a short time! —O captain, how have I deserved this!”

“This, and a great deal more you have deserved. Having sufficiently purged your head and heels, your hands will next be put in exercise. You will be suspended by them on a rope of asbestos, playing through an immense red-hot brazen pulley, over a lake of fire and brimstone; where, by your utmost skill at hand over hand, you shall hardly be able to reach the pulley, and without your utmost, you will soon reach the lake. For this employment, too, the judges have assigned but a brief period; reserving you those more excruciating torments which always await the self-murderer. You will be kept at hand over hand for only sixteen trillions of years.”

“Sixteen trillions!—oh!—O captain, have mercy! Sixteen trillions!—I shall surely fall into

the lake :—I shall never stand it ! Is there no escape—no pardon—no reprieve—no mitigation, captain ? I will confess—I will promise—I will do any thing !”

“ Do you think you would do better, were we to send your soul back upon earth, to inhabit some other body ?—have less hypocrisy ?—more regard for others ?—less pride ?—less vanity ?—a less conceit of yourself, and your country, and countrymen ?—and more respect for America and Americans ?—betake yourself to more honest courses for a livelihood, and to secure the favours of the fair ?”

“ O yes—yes—yes, captain ! yes, that I would.”

“ Then you have been in purgatory long enough. Arise,” he continued, lifting the deluded mortal from the ground, “ ‘ *Richard*’ s himself again !” Here you see you are, sir, just on the spot where you departed this life ; and I’m no ghost, as you see, but flesh and blood.”

As the illusion vanished, and Mr. Van Vacuum saw how matters really stood, the intensity of his joy was such as he could not express in the usual way :—He immediately struck into a pigeon-wing ; which he soon changed into other high-flying rigadoons ; whirling this way and that—devoutly watching his own feet the while—and performing such feats of agility as can only be conceived by one who has witnessed the antics of

a man, after inhaling the exhilarating gas. At last, he landed square upon both feet, and exclaimed—

“*Ebenezer Van Vacuum* still !”

“Yes,” returned the captain, “Ebenezer Van Vacuum still !—who may live to blow out his brains, and cut his throat, and hang himself sixteen trillions of times, and be Ebenezer Van Vacuum still !”

“No, Captain Homebred :—I’ll be Ebenezer Van Vacuum no longer :—Your gibe brings me to myself. I change my name from this moment; and I will go where the cruel wits and still more cruel maids of Eutopia shall never see nor hear of me more.—And yonder they come, in a drove—on purpose, I suppose, to torment me—I’m off.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Now prompt me, plain and holy Innocence!

SHAKSPEARE.

MARY BLAXTON was now on her return, accompanied by Lieutenant Oddity, Sergeant Rigmarole, and some others. The captain gave a sign to Skenedo, and both retreated some little distance, and concealed themselves behind trees.

As the party approached, the lieutenant asked—
“Where’s your man, Miss Mary? I see nobody.”

“Why, nor I either, lieutenant, for that matter: but I left him lying here, that’s certain.”

“Ha—a—a—a—a—” issued from the nose of Sergeant Rigmarole. “This is one of your dry jokes, Miss Mary!—a good one!”

But the sergeant’s glee was soon extinguished; for, the captain, stepping from behind his tree, waved his hand to the party, and for a moment made them look at each other with fearful apprehension. Mary wheeled her back upon him, as quickly and as involuntarily as if she had been shot, or as if she had been a machine turning on

a pivot;—clasped her hands together, and dropped her head.

“A ghost!” said the sergeant, at last, in a kind of half whisper:—and the captain’s appearance gave some warrant for the belief; for, from anxiety, fatigue, and Indian diet, the captain had become somewhat thin and pallid; and, having never been able, during his captivity, to procure any thing in the shape of a razor, his beard had grown to a most Levitical length.

“A ghost surely!” repeated Rigmarole. “Here’s a mystery! Here’s some witchcraft!—Look at Mary Blaxton!—Ha!—see—it moves!”

“Yes, and if it be a ghost, sergeant, or no ghost, I’m for shaking hands with it,” said Lieutenant Oddity, advancing briskly towards the captain, and exclaiming—

“Whether you be a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d, Captain Homebred, how d’ye do?”

The rest followed, and a most hearty shaking of hands and asking of kind questions took place. But Mary Blaxton still continued in the position described above. The captain stepped up by her side, and said—

“My other old acquaintances seem glad to see me: but Mary Blaxton stands mute, and neither shakes my hand, nor even looks at me.”

Mary raised her glowing countenance, turned, and looked the captain full in the face.

"Captain!" she said, "you are something of a hypocrite, as well as I. Now you must not pretend that the effect of your unexpected presence upon me is a less pleasing welcome than talking or shaking of hands would have been. You know it speaks more. I feel that it has spoken all. I feel no longer any inclination to conceal the real state of my mind towards you. My heart has long been your's, and there's my hand."

The captain caught it with enthusiasm, exclaiming— . . .

"Matchless girl!——"

"Nay," interrupted Mary, "no canting, captain; or, if you must cant, cant it all at once: say—

'I'm Venus when I smile:
I'm Juno when I walk,
And Minerva when I talk.'"

"When you talk," said the captain; "but when will you talk to me? Do you mean to keep me still on yes and no?"

"As to talk captain, you shall not starve for that, I promise. Nay, I look to hear you change your tone before the year is out, and pray in good earnest for your old diet of monosyllables."

In this way they amused themselves as they bent their steps towards the village.

It remains to say, that Skenedo was sent back loaded with presents; and, being no longer dis-

turbed by the restless intrigues of Toxus, lived and reigned to a good old age, and went out at last, like the lamp that has consumed its last drop of nourishment.

What became of Mr. Van Vacuum is not certainly known. Some scattered hints of his fate are still extant: but as Madoc answered his sister, who inquired the destiny of Cadwallon—

———"The tale you ask
Is long, Goeroyl—
And I in truth am weary."

THE END.





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